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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

*Photographed at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty the Queen, July 6, 1893.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We are always hearing from men of mature years how comparatively easy the road to learning is made in these days, and how much fewer boyish tears water the road than in their time. This in the main is true. Schools provide much better food for their inmates than used to be the case; punishments are not nearly so severe; the cruelties inflicted by bullies—though they still occur more frequently than is supposed—are no longer winked at by the authorities. Athletics form almost as great a part of the education of our youth as study. Boys speak of their schooltime, as a rule, with pleasure; and though there are reasons why their word upon such matters is not to be trusted, it is certain that, when the holidays are over, they do not exhibit the same unwillingness to leave their homes that they used to do. Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen "resume their studies," if not with enthusiasm, at all events with no vehement objection to them or to his academy; and as for Dr. Busby, he has left no representative behind him. Fifty years ago matters were very different, especially for the small boys. A well-known writer, who had had a great deal of education, once said to me, "I have had my share of human misfortune: I have had death in my house; I have had loss and disappointment of all kinds; but I have never experienced as an adult the utter misery I endured when a small boy at school. The remembrance of it is still my worst nightmare." As a general rule, such an experience of misery, which arose neither from the discipline nor "compulsory Greek," is in these days rare. On the other hand, life at the period of adolescence has become less enjoyable, because more serious. It is more necessary to face the future at a much earlier age than formerly—

All the gates are thronged with suitors,  
All the markets overflow,

and the struggle for existence begins before manhood is reached. At the time of life which was formerly most free from care, when school was over and the work of the world still at a distance, competition now begins. The cup of youth is made bitter by it. There are sixty striving for a foothold where they know there is only room for six. In the old naval days sailors used to be encouraged to climb the rigging by the promise that the last up should be flogged. It was complained, with some reason, that this must always happen to somebody; but on the ladder of competition many more must suffer, because many must fail to reach the summit. Maturity has its drawbacks, and very serious ones, but, thank Heaven! it at least has no exams. A great writer and thinker, who died long before this social trouble began, says, "It is well for us that in early life we never think of the struggle which lies before us"—it would weigh upon us too heavily—whereas "in middle life it brings with it only a transient sadness, like the shadow of a transient cloud." The back is in time suited to the burden, but the shoulders of youth should not be made to stoop under it.

Since the above was written, two interesting books upon boy life have been published by well-known gentlemen, each of whom seems to have been grievously treated when at school. It is too much the habit with us to ignore these brutalities when age has placed us beyond the reach of them; it is even probable that some people may feel a disinclination that their successors should escape from the miseries which they themselves endured; and there is a third class who naively aver that but for the bullying they suffered at school they would not be "the men they are," without perceiving that that is a circumstance to be regretted. There is a conspiracy of silence concerning the cause of cruelty in boys of which, though it is well known to physiologists, schoolmasters seem to be utterly ignorant, or they would scarcely shut their eyes to the offence, or, at most, treat it with far less rigour than the heinous crimes of going out of bounds or smoking a cigarette.

It is curious to contrast the modern system of a multiplicity of books for purposes of study with that in vogue among our forefathers. Instead of a Hundred Best Books they had only half-a-dozen, though those they swore by. In earlier times men were satisfied even with one book. Demosthenes, we are told, took such delight in the history of Thucydides that he copied it out eight times. This proves that the great orator must have spoken extempore, for if he had even a decent memory, he would surely have got his Thucydides, after the seventh copy, by heart. Diderot was "content with Moses, Homer, and Richardson," a pretty good evidence of how little men are qualified to dictate to their fellow-creatures in this matter: they may be right twice out of three times, but that is an unusually good average. The great Earl of Chatham had one favourite author, Barrow, whom he recommended to everybody. The list of these voluntary preceptors of the human race could be indefinitely extended; but they were all very careful not to recommend a contemporary. "Since their days," says a great scholar and critic, "others have favoured us with 'Methods of Study' and 'Catalogues of Old Books to be read.' But how vain to circumscribe that invisible circle of human knowledge which is perpetually enlarging itself!"

A correspondent, dating from the East-End of London, takes me to task for asserting that a man is rarely to be found a good whist-player unless he has taken to it early and also belongs to the upper classes. The latter statement was only made, of course, in view of the fact that a certain amount of leisure is necessary to the perfecting of a game requiring so much practice and attention, but it has not, it seems, been taken in good part. My unknown friend writes, indeed, good-naturedly, but with a certain sense of antagonism. He proposes that I should bring down with me any "crack," as regards whist-playing, of my acquaintance into his neighbourhood, and he and a friend of his in the same rank of life will have great pleasure in taking the conceit out of us. Nothing but the consciousness of not being a "crack" myself, and consequently of risking the overthrow of my own theory, prevents my accepting this novel but very agreeable invitation.

Years ago in Wastwater there used to be a small farmer who played at whist remarkably well. He knew nothing of "the penultimate," however, and much less, of course, of the later developments of the game—indeed, if I remember right, he played long whist. The peculiarity of his case was that, through having been gored by a bull, he had received serious injuries, including the loss of the use of his hands. He had, however, a framework constructed in front of him to hold his cards, and his little granddaughter used to stand by his side and select them according to his dictation. Even had he been an inferior player, it might truly have been said of him that no man ever played so well under such difficulties.

Whoever has seen a Cornish funeral knows how "ilka lassie has her laddie" in the melancholy procession; and not only are there lads and lassies but more mature couples. It is a matter not only of ceremony but choice. A clergyman was ministering to a parishioner the other day whose end was approaching, when the voice of the sick man's wife, who was something of a virago, made itself heard through the open window—"I don't care what comes or goes, but I will not follow the corpse with a little man."

In the advertisement column of my newspaper I find a parrot for sale with a vocabulary of fifty words. It is "a good whistling mimic" and has "no faults"; but it is to be sold "to a lady only." This seems a remarkable limitation. If its sale were confined "to gentlemen only," it would not be surprising, for there are some parrots of my acquaintance who are utterly unfitted from their style of conversation to be companions to the gentler sex. But what must be the talk of that parrot which is not fit for the male ear? It is, we are told, a grey parrot, and has presumably had a long experience of ladies: perhaps it "knows too much"; and there is an apprehension that, unlike the gentlemen who gave up to party what was meant for mankind, he may reveal to mankind what was meant for a party—that is, for a tea-party. It is quite possible that in its cage in the drawing-room it has listened for years to what the ladies talk about after dinner—a secret that has been hitherto preserved inviolate. One can fancy him swinging head downwards, to give the impression of indifference or inattention, but committing to memory not, indeed, every word, which would be a task for a Macaulay, but "fifty" of them: a dangerous bird, indeed, to be admitted to male society.

The way of soothsayers, in old times strewn with flowers, has become hard. They are accused of duplicity, yet duplicity is practised against them. An individual in Devonshire, whose calling is the casting of horoscopes, and who has, it appears, prophesied smooth things to a thousand maidservants and made them happy in their minds as to their future, has been entrapped in the meshes of the law through a little mistake as to sex and age, which one would have thought even a person unendowed with his marvellous gifts might have avoided. Under the pretence of being a maiden desirous of matrimony, an inspector of police wrote to him for a horoscope. It arrived with punctuality and dispatch: "You will wed within two years; your husband, being of medium height and stout and fair, will be fortunate in his speculations. You will have a medium-sized family [the happy medium?]. You will have a legacy which will greatly improve your position. The month of April [beginning, of course, with the first] will be your lucky month, and Venus is your ruling planet." All this was guaranteed to the inspector for sixpence: and he has shown his gratitude by providing the fortune-teller with two months' gratuitous board and lodging, with hard labour. Four thousand advertisement cards were found in his lodgings, on the other side of which was printed the motto "No bottles." These cards were intended for servant girls, and that mystic intimation, it seems, informed them that his terms were cash, and not the usual currency of the area.

Wesley carried his disbelief of astrology into astronomy itself. He says in his *Journal*, "The more I consider them, the more I doubt of all systems of astronomy. I doubt whether we can certainly know the distance or the magnitude of any star in the firmament. Else why

do astronomers so immensely differ even with regard to the distance of the sun from the earth—some affirming it to be only twelve millions, others ninety millions of miles?"

The passion for autographs is not quite so universal as it is supposed to be. At a charitable bazaar the other day there were several novels by popular authors, who had enriched the fly-leaves with their names in their own handwriting. A lady of fashion came up to the bookstall, and turned over these works of genius with supercilious calm. "I don't know any of these novels," she said; "what do you charge for them?" "Four-and-sixpence." "But that is too much; they are the three-and-sixpenny editions; I know that by the cover." "But our bazaar is for a charity, and an extra price is always put upon things in that case. Moreover, you will perceive that each author has written his autograph on the fly-leaf, which makes the books much more valuable." "More valuable! What, to be scribbled in? Certainly not." It is not every day that we meet a person (especially at a bazaar) with the courage of their opinions, and one would like to know that woman.

The story of the late forgeries in Scotland proves that some people, at least, differ *toto caelo* from this unemotional female: they are prepared to give large sums for autographs of authors, and the supply has been fully equal to the demand. It seems, however, to have been limited to those of comparatively modern writers, which simplifies matters. A modest collection of parchments, or even old fly-leaves, and ink of a brownish tint form the raw material for this enterprise. There is no danger of using those modern improvements in spelling which have wrecked so many ingenious imitations of the ancients; no necessity for sprinkling one's copy with "i' faiths" or "by'r Ladys"; no anachronisms to be avoided, including the watermark of one's copy. On the other hand, there is more chance of producing a manuscript which already exists in some collection or museum, and provoking comparisons that, under the circumstances, are especially odious. To avoid the possibility of this unpleasant coincidence, one has to invent the matter as well as forge the handwriting—which, if it is to be done well—requires intelligence of a high order. Mr. Guthrie's Ibsen, if he had chosen to bring it out as an autograph manuscript, would probably have deceived the author himself. "This is very like me, indeed," one can fancy him saying, "only more amusing." But few literary forgers have so much intelligence as Mr. Guthrie. It does not, however, take much to deceive a collector. Whether Mr. Ireland's father was taken in by his son's forgeries is doubtful, but the learned Dr. Parr observed of Shakspeare's "Confession of Faith" (almost written to order "while he waited"), "We have very fine passages in our Church Services, and our Litany abounds in beauties, but here, Sir, is a man who has distanced us all." This was William Henry (aged nineteen), who, if he had any sense of humour, must have enjoyed himself immensely.

The fact is, if the antiquity of his wares can be established the forger need not trouble himself much about their merit, which is taken for granted; just as, in the art world, if the master is "old" the charms of his production are admitted. Chatterton is, perhaps, the only example of an impostor of this kind who has had genius to recommend him. The latest disciple of this fraudulent school has made a new departure in its proceedings. Not feeling equal to originating an imitation, he has calmly taken the works of a living minor poet, translated them into the Scotch dialect, and introduced them to the world as unpublished poems of Robert Burns.

Some literary forgeries have not had the excuse of gain, but have been executed solely to make mischief. George Stevens, we are told, "frequently wrote notes on Shakspeare purposely to entrap Malone." His tombstone of Hardy Knute was almost the tombstone of Gough, the Director of the Antiquarian Society, whom it took in. "Stepped in pickle to hasten a precocious antiquity," its epitaph was surmounted by a drinking horn to intimate that the royal Dane had died drunk—a fact so interesting that the unfortunate director published a dissertation on it. Antiquaries who narrate these escapades not only enjoy them, but evidently imagine them to be the very height of humour, just as scholars perceive in a false quantity an amount of fun that seems exaggerated to ordinary eyes.

The sums assigned—by the newspapers which do not publish the serials—to British novelists for their serial rights are very handsome; surprise is constantly expressed that with their enormous gains they still continue to live in quite a modest way, and when they come to die, and leave very little behind them, one wonders what they have done with their money. But in the Colonies the payment of fiction seems still extremely moderate. A colonial novelist, who has been thrilling his readers with sensational stories for some years, was asked the other day what he got for them. "Well, that depends," he said, "upon the financial position of the paper or the social character of its editor. In too many instances one gets nothing—fame is its own reward; and more than once, instead of any pecuniary honorarium, I have been offered 'a drink': but I have been paid for a story as much as ten shillings."

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE CROWD.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I have had a considerable experience of crowds during an anxious and busy life. I don't mean the mere looking at crowds from a balcony or bow-window—anyone can do that. The most appalling crowd that I ever saw from a comfortable bow-window was on the occasion of the Trafalgar Square riots, when, from a plate-glass window at the Union Club, Trafalgar Square, on the occasion of the memorable riots, I saw with my own eyes the most splendid example of law and authority as against recklessness and mob rule. I saw the police behave on that occasion as only the police of London can behave. I saw the special constables assemble to assist the police. I saw the coward crowd testing the patience of the police to the verge of madness. I heard the Riot Act read, and then I saw the troops come out secretly in the silence of the night from hidden quarters. I saw the London magistrates riding at the head of the Life Guards, and from that moment the defiant crowd slunk home ignominiously defeated. They can "bash" a bobby, but they don't like the look of the soldiers with loaded firearms: they will face a truncheon, but don't like the look of a revolver. That was a very nasty crowd in Trafalgar Square, as I watched it hour after hour from the Union Club. But of peace-loving crowds I could tell stories without end. The most enthusiastic crowd I ever saw was when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales came through London with Princess Alexandra, the bride-elect, and was greeted with a triple volley of cheers all the way from Gravesend to Windsor Castle. I was in a balcony in Pall Mall at the War Office on that memorable occasion. The most devout and solemn crowd I ever saw was when the Prince of Wales drove in an open carriage with her Majesty to return thanks at St. Paul's Cathedral after his recovery from an almost fatal illness. Then I was on foot among the crowd. I stood under St. Clement Danes' Church, close to *The Illustrated London News*, when the procession passed. The most loyal crowd assembled to see the grandest procession that eyes will ever see was at the Queen's Jubilee. Then I stood close by the western portico of Westminster Abbey, and while life lasts I shall never forget the procession of Kings, Queens, Emperors, and Princes that swept from the Victoria Tower to the Abbey door. It almost took your breath away. The figure I shall always see in that memorable procession is that of the beloved Fritz, afterwards Emperor of Germany for too brief a time. What a hero looked Fritz in his white uniform, "anax andron," a king among men! Yes, the Prince of Wales's marriage procession was the most enthusiastic, the thanksgiving procession was the most solemn, the Jubilee show was the most picturesque, but the recent Duke of York and Princess May procession was the most remarkable in all my recollection, for two things. What were they? Well, first, the absolute self-control of the crowd; secondly, the splendid discipline of the London police. I have been round the world and seen many sights, but I declare that there is no crowd in the universe that can discipline itself better than an English crowd, and there is no police force in existence that can hold a candle to the London police. Don't let this fact be forgotten. We all of us ought to be proud of our crowds and our police. They understand one another to a nicety.

I studied that crowd at the recent royal wedding very carefully, and when I came home, enthusiastic and delighted with what I had seen, I said to myself, "Why on earth do we not give the people more holidays like this? See how they humanise the masses! See what intense happiness is attained by sunshine, music, and colour! We have a Court—why should it be bound up in crape and black-edged paper? We have an aristocracy—why should it not plume its feathers and show its diamonds, as it did at the State visit to the Opera, a little more frequently? We have Guards and Life Guards and Horse

Guards Blue and Household Troops, all in gold and scarlet and blue, and cuirasses and helmets and trappings—why on earth are they all hidden away in barracks? We have bands of music, the best in the world, bands capable of giving everlasting delight—why are they not compelled to play to the people in the parks, as they used to do when I was a child, peremptorily and regularly, in Kensington Gardens? No one knows sufficiently the power of music. When I was in Honolulu recently the opéra-bouffe revolution was absolutely checked by a popular band. The people wanted to revolt. They had nothing better to do. A revolution at Honolulu is *pour passer le temps*. But a popular band of an extraordinary character, a band that in the first part plays classical music, from Beethoven to Wagner, and in the second sings comic songs, the conductor being the chief comic singer—this band put down the revolution. It had belonged to the Queen. Now it belonged to the people. The band played in the public gardens, and the people turned away from the revolution. The missionaries and the annexation party might howl

right," I answered, "it may be nonsense, but I understand crowds. This crowd is being irresistibly pushed forward by idiotic Columbian Guards over there, and is being weakly resisted by half-a-dozen baby boys under our noses. There will be a crash!" What is the good of controlling a crowd by talking nonsense and by unsheathing swords that no one could or would use upon inoffensive sightseers? In less than ten minutes our Press-pen was wrecked. We had to haul fainting men and women over a barrier amid the selfish protests of those who had got free tickets and wanted to preserve their respectability; and we of the Press should have been in an awkward position had we not fought our way to safety tooth and nail, hammer and tongs, oblivious of the curses of the invited guests, who would have gladly seen us all killed like rats in a pit, and thinking nothing of the Columbian Guards, who threatened us with patrol-wagons and police-cells. The journalists showed the way on that occasion, and helped to save life jeopardised by amateur officials, jacks-in-office, and absolute want of discipline. The success of last week was the triumph of the London police—the finest civilian army in the wide world.

Dear friends, one word of advice in your ear. If you have never been round the world or studied other countries never do two things. Never underpay a cabman your whole life long, and never abuse a policeman. When you return home you will bless the sight of a cabby, and be proud of the "man in blue." Why, in Chicago, I paid eight shillings for a cab to take a lady 150 yards in a rainstorm! In the same delightful city my life was daily in immediate danger, owing to the absolute incompetency of the civil force. As a celebrated farcical hero once observed, "I like London," and I am heartily glad to be home again.

## KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AT GUILDHALL.

On Saturday, July 8, their Majesties King Christian IX. and Queen Louise of Denmark, the parents of the Princess of Wales, with Prince Waldemar of Denmark, visited the City of London as guests of the Lord Mayor, Alderman Stuart Knill, and the Corporation at Guildhall. They were accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Czarevitch of Russia, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

Their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses were received at the entrance to Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the officers of the Corporation, and some of the Aldermen. The King wore the uniform of a Danish General, with the Order of the Garter; the Prince of Wales that of a Field-Marshal, with the Danish Order of the Elephant; and the Czarevitch that of Captain-General of the Cossacks. The royal visitors were conducted in procession to the Library. The Common Serjeant there read the address, which was

mounted on white silk, with a gold fringe, backed with crimson silk. This was presented to his Majesty by the Lord Mayor. King Christian, rising to reply, thanked the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and expressed his cordial agreement with what had been said of the connection between the English and Danish royal families. It was his privilege as a young man to be present at the coronation of Queen Victoria; and his thoughts had never been absent from this country since he brought his beloved daughter to her English home.

The ceremony was now ended, and Mr. Brookman, the mover of the address, Alderman Sir James Lawrence, the second, Aldermen Sir William Lawrence and Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, were presented to his Majesty. The royal guests were then regaled with a déjeuner in the great hall. The Lord Mayor presided, with the King of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, and the Czarevitch on his right hand, and the Queen of Denmark, the Prince of Wales, the Lady Mayoress, and the Duke of Connaught on his left. After drinking the health of "our Queen, Empress, and mother," that of the King and Queen of Denmark was proposed, to which his Majesty responded. The health of the Czarevitch was next given, and his Imperial Highness, speaking in English, acknowledged the toast.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL VISITORS WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

themselves hoarse, but music was better than revolution. Yes, this was a strong impression conveyed to my mind on the occasion of our recent pageant. We ought to have more holidays, more processions, more music, more bands. The people long to be amused. We take no trouble to amuse them. Abroad every saint's day in the calendar is a holiday. That may be too much, but our Bank holidays and chance festivities are far too little.

And then, the splendid discipline and admirable demeanour of the London police! You have no idea how good and valuable they are until you have visited other countries. I was at Chicago when the World's Fair was opened by President Cleveland on May 1. Here I am on safe ground, for my worthy Editor was in the same boat as myself, and will bear me out in what I say. The control of this awful Chicago crowd in the World's Fair grounds was entrusted to raw youths and provincial boobies, who put on blue uniforms and called themselves "Columbian Guards." They had no more idea of controlling or understanding a crowd than they had of interpreting cuneiform inscriptions or translating Sanscrit. Half an hour before President Cleveland started his oration I said to a Press friend, "This pen in which we stand will be wrecked!" "Nonsense!" he said. "Well, all

T H E   R O Y A L   W E D D I N G .



DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh.

Princess Victoria  
of Schleswig-Holstein.

Princess Victoria of Elinburgh.

The Duke of York.

Princess Victoria of Wales.

Princess Maud of Wales.



Princess Alice of  
Battenberg.

Princess Margaret  
of Connaught.

Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh.

The Duchess of York.

Princess Victoria of Tattenberg.

Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

Photo by W. and D. Downey.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE, WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS.

Photographed at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty the Queen, July 6, 1893.

## PERSONAL.

After much uncertainty a successor to M. Waddington at the French Embassy has been definitely chosen. This is



M. DECRAIS, THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

M. Albert Decrais, who has been for some time representative of France at Vienna. M. Decrais has the unique distinction of being in no way identified with any one of the innumerable "groups" in French politics. He represents his country as a whole, not any section. He has no inconvenient

memories, and cannot be made a scapegoat for any of those embarrassments which are the daily portion of the French party leaders. M. Decrais entered the diplomatic service twenty years ago, and has had the advantage of spending most of the intervening period in foreign Courts. His ability is unquestioned, and nothing is known of his views. It is to be hoped that this fortunate freedom from party ties will not end in a demand from his countrymen that he shall form a Ministry in Paris. Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Van Bosch, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

Signor Mascagni, who shines to great advantage as a conductor, directed the first performance of his opera "I Rantzau" at Covent Garden, on Friday, July 7. The reception accorded the new work was most cordial, but impartial connoisseurs venture to doubt whether there is the least likelihood of its attaining popularity in this country. The story of the Rantzau family quarrel, albeit told with some skill by the librettists of "Cavalleria Rusticana," does not contain the essential degree of dramatic interest for an opera extending over four acts. Standing midway between the idyllic romance of "L'Amico Fritz" and the sordid tragedy of "Cavalleria," it has neither the poetic charm of the former nor the overwhelming force of the latter. The music shows Signor Mascagni to be advancing in his art, many pages in the score being remarkable for their beauty and originality. The interpretation of "I Rantzau" left little to be desired. The opera was well staged, and the principal parts were admirably sustained by Madame Melba, Signor De Lucia, Signor Ancona, M. Castelmary, and Mr. David Bispham.

One of the most remarkable and attractive operatic performances of the present season was that of "Les Huguenots" on Saturday, July 8. It was witnessed by a brilliant and overflowing audience, including a large number of royal personages. M. Jean de Reszke, although still suffering from the effects of his sprained ankle, was in excellent voice, and gave a superb embodiment of Raoul. His brother once more delighted opera-goers by his splendid singing as Marcello, restoring in the duel scene an interesting passage cut some years ago for no particular reason by the late Sir Michael Costa. Another familiar but famous assumption was the San Bris of M. Lassalle, which found a striking contrast in the new and delightful De Nevers of Signor Ancona. These four men were simply unsurpassable. Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson was not strong enough vocally for the part of Margherita di Valois, but Madame Albani as Valentina and Mdle. Giulia Ravogli as Urbino were excellent as usual. Signor Bevilacqua conducted.

The 500th anniversary of Winchester College is to be celebrated on July 25, when the Prince of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury will take part in the ceremonies. The Archbishop preaches in the morning in the cathedral, and after lunch the Prince of Wales will inspect the school rifle corps and distribute her Majesty's gold and silver medals to the successful competitors at the Medal Speaking.

One of the most brilliant writers of the modern French school, Guy de Maupassant, has perished miserably in a



THE LATE M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

madhouse at the age of forty-two. Maupassant's fame was made in a dozen years, into which brief space he crowded an extraordinary mass of work. A pupil of Flaubert, he burst upon the public with a literary equipment rare in story-tellers. This was no instance of a young writer learning his

business at the expense of his public. Maupassant's apprenticeship to literature lasted seven years, under one of the most exacting taskmasters. Flaubert's great

injunction was that his pupil should write simply what he saw, and Maupassant made daily exercises out of incidents in the street, the grouping of figures at a corner, and a thousand and one details which would escape the ordinary eye.

With this training the young novelist acquired a style which in simplicity, flexibility, and distinction is one of the ornaments of French prose. The tale by which Maupassant is best known to the English public, "Pierre et Jean," is a masterpiece of construction in the highest sense. It should be a model of style to English writers, for the admirable severity of the proportions leaves the reader with the conviction that there is not a superfluous word in the whole story. Probably Maupassant's fame will be sustained by his shorter tales, studies of Norman life and character, half-a-dozen pages apiece, which have all the qualities of the best literature. Of his longer novels the most successful is "Bel Ami," a remarkable picture of Parisian journalism in its most sordid aspect. In the twelve short years of his literary life Maupassant produced a dozen volumes, containing some of the most notable achievements of a school which has left a very deep impression on European art. Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Nadar, Rue d'Anjou, Paris.

Among the presents to the Duke of York on his marriage is "The George," a very handsome badge in brilliant and enamel, emblematic of St. George, and inscribed with the motto of the Garter. This is the gift to Prince George from the Georges in the House of Commons, together with distinguished Georges in other branches of the public service. The idea was originated by Lord George Hamilton, and ought to convey to the Duke of York an overpowering sense of the multitudinous loyalty which lodges in his name. The badge is the work of Messrs. Carrington and Co.



The death of Professor Henry Nettleship makes another gap in a very distinguished family. Barely a year ago the world of scholarship was thrown into mourning by the fatality on Mont Blanc which cost the life of Richard Lewis Nettleship, who is buried at Chamounix, and whose sad end is still lamented by the Alpine guides, his companions in the disastrous storm. The surviving brothers are Mr. J. T. Nettleship, the animal-painter, and Mr. E. Nettleship, who has won distinction as an oculist. Henry Nettleship, who has died of typhoid fever in the prime of life, was one of Oxford's most representative men. His University career was brilliant. He obtained the Hertford scholarship, the Gaisford prize for Greek prose, the Chancellor's prize for a Latin essay, a first class in Moderations, and a second class in the Final Classical school. This was in 1861, when the only first-class men were Mr. James Bryce and Mr. H. A. Giffard. Mr. Nettleship then became a Fellow of Lincoln College, and the intimate friend of Mark Pattison and John Conington, whose edition of Virgil he carried to completion.

From Oxford Henry Nettleship passed for a few years to Harrow, where he was assistant master; but in 1873 he returned to his beloved University, to be made Fellow and Tutor at Corpus, and eventually Corpus Professor of Latin. In this office his ripest gifts were displayed, not, perhaps, to the world at large, but to every lover of scholarship. His lectures were admirable, and his unwearied research prepared much of the material for a great Latin dictionary with which his name will be intimately associated when it comes at last from the University Press. So ends a life which, though uneventful in the ordinary sense, entered deeply into the most intimate traditions of the great University.

## THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA.

We have received a number of valuable sketches from officers with the Mediterranean Squadron in connection with the loss of H.M.S. Victoria. These we have been compelled to hold over till our next issue in consequence of the pressure on our space caused by the Royal Wedding.

## PHOTOGRAPHS FOR OUR WEDDING NUMBER.

For photographs of the bridesmaids we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Downey, Ebury Street, for those of Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales; to Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Eton, for that of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein; to Messrs. Heath, George Street, Plymouth, for those of Princesses Victoria, Alexandra, and Beatrice of Edinburgh; to Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, for those of Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Battenberg; and to Mr. Voigt, of Homburg, for that of Princess Alice of Battenberg.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The distinguished stranger who frequents the House for two or three days must arrive at the conclusion that no matter how stupendous may be the political problem of the hour, the chronic question which engages sympathies and excites passions is purely personal. One day it is Mr. Conybeare whose personality absorbs the entire mind of the Imperial assembly. Another day it is Mr. Chamberlain whose success or failure is the moving theme. A third day it is Mr. Sexton who either rescues the Government from a sore dilemma by a piece of strategy, or comes into conflict with the Chair, and is impeached for disorderly conduct. Any day and every day it is the Prime Minister, whose individuality has so great a fascination that Mr. Balfour openly treats Mr. Gladstone's mobile countenance as a political barometer. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the House is sometimes a pandemonium and sometimes a tempestuous tea-cup. When Mr. Conybeare undertook to read the Speaker a lesson in impartiality, when the Speaker responded with a thunderbolt of offended Jupiter, when Mr. Gladstone moved that the member for Camborne be suspended for a week, and when the Speaker, relenting towards the offender, gave him an opportunity of reading an apology with characteristic grace, the scene rose to grandeur, like an Alpine storm.

But I am afraid the distinguished stranger did not appreciate the gravity of the incident which led to Mr. Sexton's defiance of the Chair, and his temporary withdrawal from the House. Mr. Brodrick was talking airily of Ireland's contribution to the Imperial Exchequer, and doubtless in pure gaiety of heart he said the Irish race were "impecunious and garrulous." Mr. Sexton promptly stigmatised this as "grossly impertinent." Vainly did Mr. Brodrick explain that he meant no disrespect to the Irish party, that he was himself an Irishman, and if his countrymen were such as he had described them, the lash of his playful fancy fell on his own shoulders. Colonel Saunderson gallantly suggested that no Irishman ever had much money, "and as for garrulity," he added, "look at me!" But Mr. Sexton would not be appeased. Mr. Brodrick, acting on Mr. Balfour's counsel, would not withdraw his words, and the Chair failed to persuade Mr. Sexton to take back the gross impertinence, and Mr. Gladstone was equally unsuccessful in his appeal to both sides. Then Mr. Mellor read the standing order which prescribes that a member who resists the authority of the Chair shall be ordered out. There was another course which would have brought in the Speaker, and led to the formal suspension of Mr. Sexton for at least a week. For the moment the Irish members did not see that the Chairman had chosen the most lenient way, and so they howled at Mr. Mellor, and at the "English Clerk" at his elbow, whom they seemed to suspect of Macchiavellian promptings. In the midst of the uproar a member was heard inquiring whether it was in order for Mr. Balfour to ejaculate "Monstrous!" and so the babel went on till Mr. Sexton, deferring at last to another appeal from Mr. Gladstone, retired from the House, pursued by frantic cheers. Then there was more turmoil till Mr. Brodrick, who obtained a hearing with great difficulty, pleaded in urbane accents that he had never intended any offence, and that, had he been allowed to pursue his original remarks, he would have paid a high compliment to Mr. Sexton's Parliamentary gifts.

This episode is not likely to obliterate the very notable achievement of Mr. Sexton which Mr. Brodrick had in his mind. It was certain that when the Government reached Clause 9 they would run considerable risk, but nobody could have foreseen what actually happened. Owing to the confusion of the amendments, Mr. Redmond unexpectedly got his opportunity to ask the House to leave the Irish representation untouched. Mr. Gladstone strongly demurred to this, arguing that the retention of 103 Irishmen instead of eighty, as proposed by the Bill, would be unjust, and would make an unfortunate impression on public opinion. He did not stake the credit of the Government on this issue, which he left the House to decide, but there can be no question that had the Government been defeated the moral effect would have been very grave. For a while this seemed inevitable, and with that deepening grimace which makes his face the index of a serious climax, the Prime Minister sat with folded arms awaiting the shock. Both sections of the Irish party had announced that they would vote for the amendment. The Opposition leaders, perceiving their advantage, explained that they would vote with Mr. Redmond too, not because they approved of his proposal, but because they objected to the Government plan. Misgiving began to manifest itself among the Ministerial rank and file. They were going to be beaten by a thumping majority, and they wanted to know the reason why. It was difficult to tell them, for Mr. Mellor had one reason, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain another. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healey a third. There was one gentleman who genially proposed to submit a fourth, but the House, already frantic with perplexity, roared him down. Then Mr. Chamberlain made one of those errors of generalship which turn the fortunes of the fight. He fell upon the Government and rent them with contumely. They made this an open question, forsooth! Was there anything in their Bill they were prepared to stick to? So the gibes ran on, and the Unionists cheered again. But presently Mr. Sexton was on his feet, and in an instant the Nationalists changed front. The member for North Kerry could see no reason why they should vote against the Government after all. The particular point of the amendment, as he explained with consummate tact, could be raised later and in another way. They knew what Mr. Chamberlain's exultation meant. This was a move to defeat the Government—the only Government in which Ireland put her trust. Were they going to imperil that Government by helping "a hypocritical and dishonest combination?" Never! And now it was Mr. Chamberlain's turn to look grim, while a smile extended the whole length of the Treasury bench. The division was close, but a majority of fourteen was a godsend.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen returned to Windsor Castle from London on Friday, July 7. On that day her Majesty entertained Prince Albert of Belgium and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha at dinner, and the Grand Duke of Hesse on Monday, with several of the royal family. Her Majesty has published the following letter: "The Queen wishes once again to express to her people how much gratified and touched she has been by the great loyalty and devotion to herself and her family which has been so strikingly evinced on the occasion of the marriage of her beloved grandson, the Duke of York, and his dear bride, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. It is, indeed, nothing new to the Queen; for in weal and woe she has ever met with the warmest, kindest sympathy, which she feels very deeply. She knows that the peoples of her vast Empire are aware how truly her heart beats for them in all their joys and sorrows, and that in the existence of this tie between them and herself lies the real strength of the Empire. With them the Queen joins in fervent prayer and wishes for the welfare and happiness of her dear grandchildren."

The State performance, by command of the Queen, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Wednesday night, July 4, was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czarevitch, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, from Marlborough House; also by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Albert of Belgium, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess May. The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the other officers of the Court and royal household were in attendance, with the Yeomen of the Guard. Their Royal Highnesses and the King and Queen of Denmark were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to the royal box, where they were received by Sir Augustus Harris. In the front row of seats the Princess of Wales sat between the King and Queen of Denmark; the Czarevitch, with the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, next to the Queen of Denmark, and the Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duke, and the Prince of Wales to the left hand. The opera performed was Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." The royal box was tastefully decorated with white satin curtains.

The garden party at Marlborough House given by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Wednesday evening, July 5, was honoured with the presence of her Majesty. The King and Queen of Denmark, the Czarevitch, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert of Belgium, the Maharajah of Bhavnagar and the Maharajah of Kapurthala were among the company, as well as the English royal Princes and Princesses.

The Royal Wedding presents to the Duke and Duchess of York, numbering over 3500 articles of value, are on view at the Imperial Institute at South Kensington, open to the public on all days except Wednesday and Friday, free of payment till three o'clock, but on Saturday with a charge of sixpence; only Fellows and their friends on Friday. The pictures and tapestries are in the upper west central gallery; the jewellery, plate, and other articles on shelves or in glass cases in the north gallery, extending along a line of 300 yards. A few of these articles are represented in our Illustrations. The gifts of the Queen and of the Prince and Princess of Wales include "silver Pilgrim bottles, with charms," a golden bread-basket, an old French ormolu clock, and a Louis XIV. vase; that of the German Emperor is a costly tankard of gold and silver, with an imperial crown at the top; a joint present from the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and the Duchess of Albany consists of two large crimson-ground china vases, with sprays of may-blossom, birds, and carved ivory elephants on tripod stands. The jewellery, necklaces, tiaras, rings, and bracelets for the bride, given by many English friends and by local public subscriptions, are too numerous to be here described. The collection includes a great variety of clocks, caskets, vases, cabinets, plate, salvers, gold and silver table articles, mirrors, fans, statuary, guns, writing-desks, libraries of books, pianos, whatnots, fancy tables, mosaic articles, golf sets, fishing tackle, gongs, pictures, inkstands, snuffboxes, cigarette cases, smoking-tables, almost everything that could be fancied.

His Imperial Highness the Czarevitch of Russia left England on Monday, July 10, for Berlin. He was accompanied from Marlborough House to the Charing Cross railway station by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, and the King of Denmark.

A State ball was given by her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on Monday night, July 10. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Denmark and Prince Waldemar, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and several of our royal family were present.

The King of Denmark, with Prince Waldemar, visited the House of Commons during its sitting on Monday

afternoon. His Majesty and the Queen of Denmark, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, have gone to Sandringham.

The Duke of Edinburgh has gone to the baths of Kissingen, in Germany.

The newly appointed French Ambassador in London is M. Decrais, who has been Ambassador at Vienna, and previously at Rome. The Marquis of Dufferin will not return to the post of British Ambassador in Paris.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, on July 10, held his annual review, on Wimbledon Common, of the cavalry regiments in and around London.

The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association commenced on Tuesday, July 11, on Bisley Common, near Woking.

The Naval Manœuvres, in which the Red and Blue fleets, commanded respectively by Vice-Admiral H. Fairfax (Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour, second) and by Rear-Admiral R. O'B. Fitzroy (with Rear-Admiral H. C. St. John) contend for the possession of the Irish Sea, have commenced at Torbay and Milford Haven, Falmouth, and Berehaven.

The polling of liverymen at the election of the two Sheriffs for the City of London to serve during next year has resulted in the choice of Mr. Alderman Dimsdale and Mr. Alderman Moore.

The new central block of the North London Hospital for

of Deputies on July 8, when M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, defended the Government action, which was approved by 332 votes against 124. M. Peytral, the Finance Minister, withdrew his resignation.

The Khedive of Egypt arrived at Constantinople on July 10, and had an interview with the Sultan.

The German Emperor has decided that a large tract of land, selected by General Von Loe and his staff, between St. Vith, Malmedy, and Eupen, near the Belgian frontier, shall be bought for the purpose of forming a great manœuvring ground with a barrack camp.

The Russian Government has announced that the formal opening of the South Ussuri section of the Trans-Siberian Railway is to take place on Aug. 15. This section connects Vladivostok with Khabarovka. The next westward portion of the railway is being pushed forward with all possible expedition.

At the Chicago great American International Exhibition, on July 10, a large wooden building, with a cupola 200 ft. high, erected for a storage warehouse, was destroyed by fire. When a number of firemen, with hose, had climbed to near the top, the flames burst out, and prevented them from descending. Seventeen persons thus lost their lives, in sight of many thousands of horrified spectators.

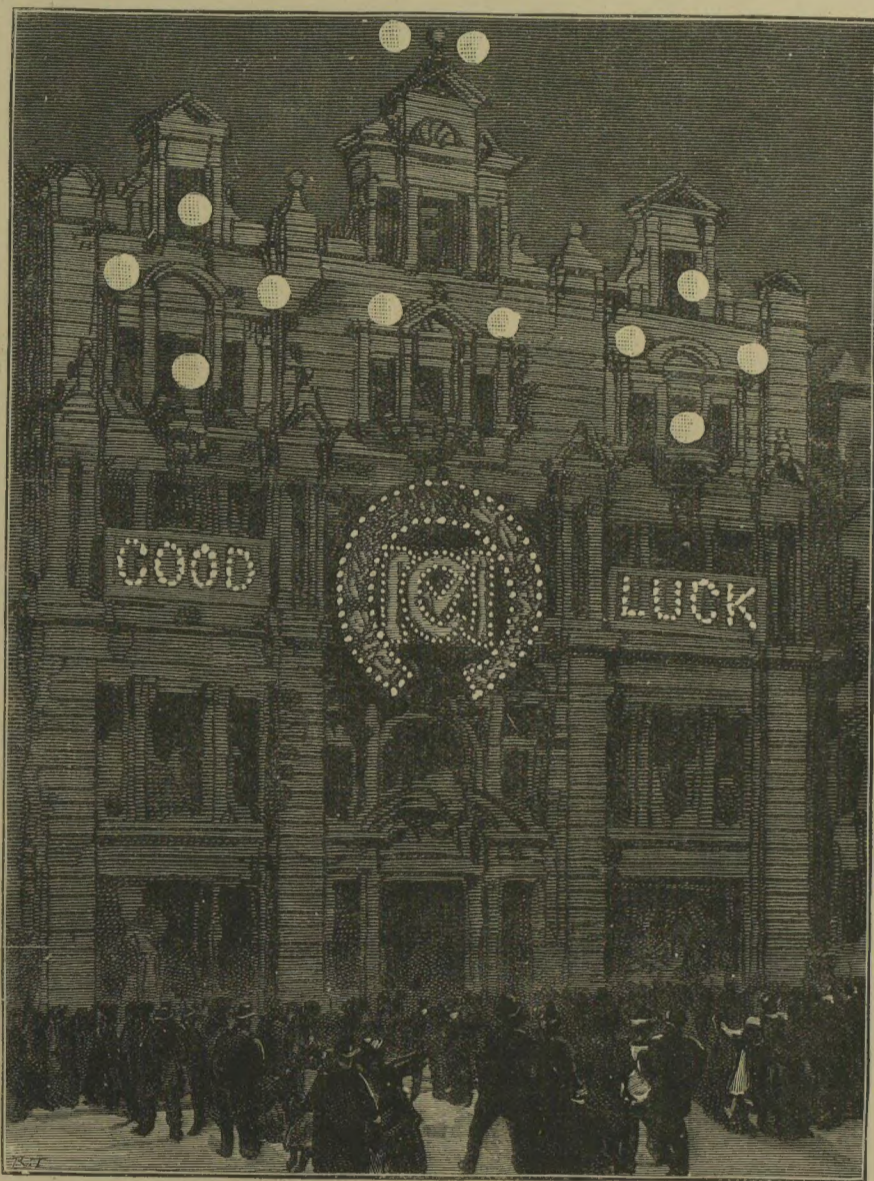
Another disastrous storm has caused immense damage in the United States of America. On July 5, a terrific cyclone struck Pomeroy, Iowa, sweeping away half the buildings in the town. One hundred people are said to have been killed, and three hundred injured. The storm passed over Cherokee, Buenavista, Ida, and Pocahontas counties, in an easterly direction, destroying crops and buildings.

The great concourse of Mohammedan pilgrims at the shrines of their faith on the Red Sea coast of Arabia has been attended with a dreadful outbreak of cholera. The total number of deaths at Mecca since June 7 is over 7000, and at Jeddah, since June 29, 1450. Confidence is felt that the strict regulations of the Quarantine Board will prevent the epidemic from reaching Europe.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING ILLUMINATIONS.

The daylight aspect of those parts of the Metropolis, specially decorated, through which the Royal Wedding procession, in the morning, and the newly married pair, the Duke and Duchess of York, in the afternoon, on their way to the Great Eastern Railway, passed amidst the cheers of hundreds of thousands of people, is described on another page. A few hours after their departure to Sandringham, as night set in, the streets and public buildings of London were splendidly illuminated. Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and the West-End, likewise the City, at the Mansion House, the Bank of England, and the Royal Exchange, blazed with light from devices never surpassed in brilliancy and beauty, which were admired by great multitudes of sightseers. In noticing some instances of this display, we must begin with Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The illumination here consisted of a series of entwined ovals, extending nearly the whole length of the Pall Mall front and the side of the house. The initials "G" and "M" shone out bright and clear. Passing eastward, one saw the illuminations of the Army and Navy Club, the Carlton, and the Athenæum. In Oxford Street, Messrs. Pears' premises were brilliantly illuminated. Messrs. Hampton's front, in Pall Mall East, was decorated in blue, gold, and silver, with a large Imperial crown supported by winged angels, and surmounted by a trophy of British flags; below was suspended a pale-blue satin canopy with a fringe of red and white roses—Lancaster and York. Along the whole front were Maypoles bearing gilt and silver baskets filled with red and white roses.

In the Strand there were many illuminations, among which, opposite St. Clement's Church, the office of *The Illustrated London News*, with a temporary balcony, in blue and white, along the whole front, cast from the roof, by the aid of Captain Scott's flash-light, intense brightness on the neighbouring scene. The theatres in the Strand and newspaper-offices in Fleet Street were effectively lighted up. But it was in the centre of the City, after passing through Cheapside, that the grandest display was to be found at night. At the corner of the Poultry and Queen Victoria Street, Messrs. Mappin and Webb's shop was finely illuminated. The Mansion House was gorgeous. Three thousand five hundred jets of gas, shining through crystal, green, and ruby lamps, made the whole building one mass of glittering or coloured flames. The six tall Corinthian-fluted columns of the portico were entwined spirally with rows of gas jets, and the square columns, east and west, were set with jets of gas in coloured "bucket" lamps. At the western gable end was an arrangement of crystal prisms, with the motto, in coloured lights, "God Bless Them." In the front was a royal crown, also of crystal, with the initials "G" and "M." The Bank of England showed festoons of coloured lamps along its entire length. On the front of the Royal Exchange, enclosed in the figure of a heart, was a portrait group of the bride and bridegroom framed in lamps. Most of the banks and assurance offices in the City were illuminated with good effect.



ROYAL WEDDING DECORATIONS: MESSRS. PEARS' PREMISES, OXFORD STREET.

Consumption, at Hampstead, was opened by Princess Christian on July 8, in presence of a large assembly.

A disastrous coal-gas explosion took place on July 4 at the Combs Colliery, Thornhill, near Dewsbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, causing the loss of about 140 lives. The owner of the colliery is Mr. E. T. Ingham, of Mirfield.

On Saturday, July 8, near Skegness, on the Lincolnshire coast, a sailing-boat with twenty-nine men on board, who were mostly in the employment of the North London Railway, and had come on a holiday excursion to the sea-side, was overturned by a sudden squall of wind, and all except three were drowned, including the two boatmen.

The new commander of the Mediterranean squadron, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, has gone to Malta, where the naval court-martial on the loss of the Victoria will be held. The subscription for the relief of widows and families of the crew amounts to £45,000.

The riots in Paris, continued during several nights, July 3 to July 6, originating with the students of the Quartier Latin, but afterwards taken up by the Communists and Anarchists, were subdued only by an imposing exhibition of military force. Twenty-five thousand troops were brought up to Paris, in addition to the ordinary garrison of about that number; they occupied the Place de la République, the Boulevard Magenta, and other points on the line of the Boulevards. By order of the Préfet of the Seine, the institution called the Bourse du Travail, or Labour Exchange, which had become a nucleus of Socialist agitation, was closed. The Paris Municipal Council then summoned a meeting, at the Hôtel de Ville, of the Radical Deputies and Senators, but they were not permitted to enter. A debate on the conduct of the Government in taking these strong measures was raised in the Chamber



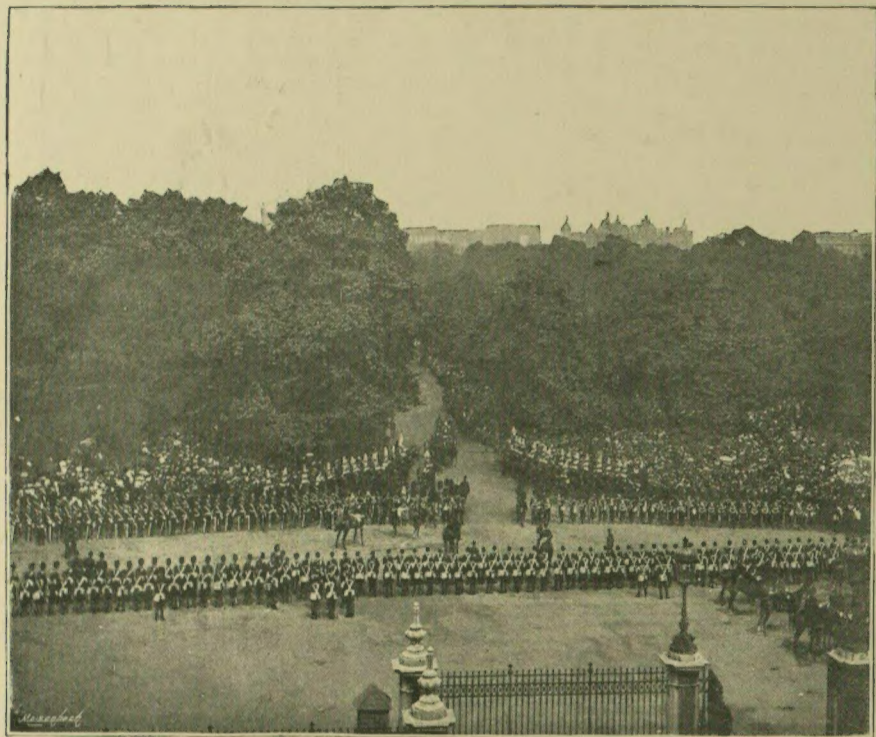
ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY: READING THE ADDRESS TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK IN THE GUILDHALL.

T H E   R O Y A L   W E D D I N G .

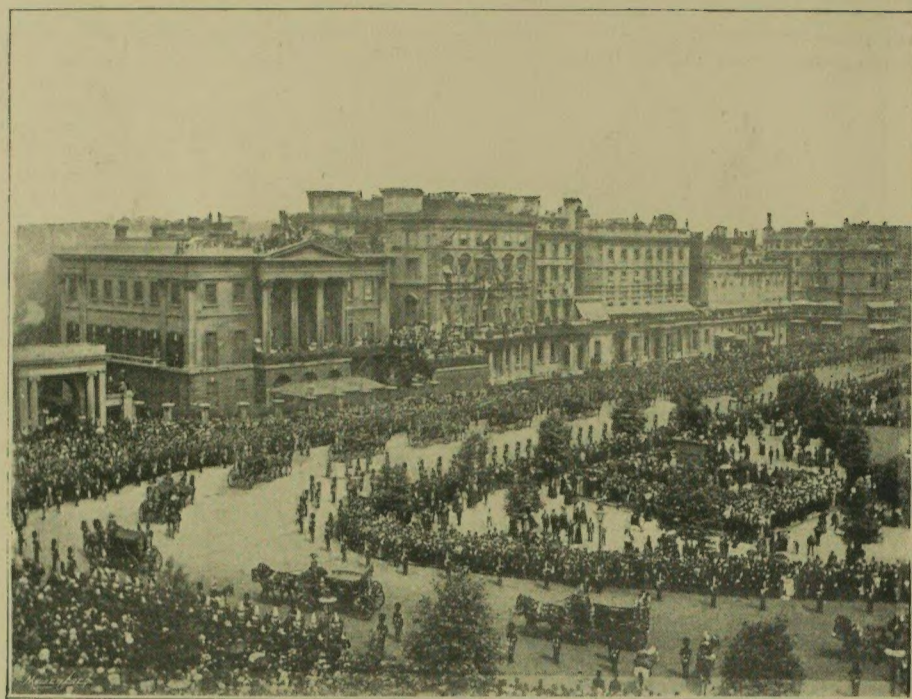


THE CONGRATULATIONS AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.



THE MALL FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



PROCESSION PASSING APSLEY HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

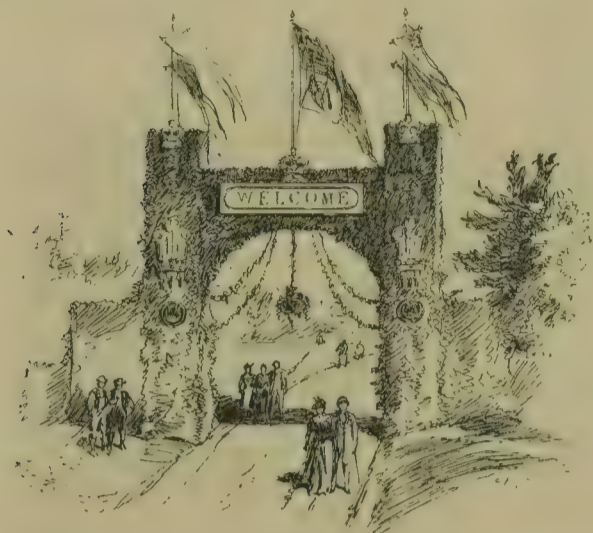


THE QUEEN'S RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

## THE ARRIVAL AT SANDRINGHAM.

The departure of the newly married royal pair, the Duke and Duchess of York, by the Great Eastern Railway, from London, on their way to Sandringham Park, the country seat of the Prince of Wales, is related in our account of the wedding-day proceedings in London. It was twenty-five



ARCH NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION AT WOLFERTON,  
NEAR SANDRINGHAM.

minutes before six that evening when the special train started from the Liverpool Street Railway Station. At Cambridge there was a few minutes' halt; the Duke and Duchess came out of the train and received an address from the Mayor and Corporation. The train reached Wolferton, the station for Sandringham, a little before eight in the evening. That station had been decorated with crimson and blue drapery, flags, evergreens, and flowers, and the waiting-rooms handsomely furnished for their Royal Highnesses. The floors were covered with velvet-pile carpets and lavishly adorned with flowering plants, ferns, and palms. In the station yard were Venetian masts bearing lines of pennons. A triumphal arch, constructed of evergreens, with panels of crimson cloth, bearing the royal insignia, was erected at the entrance to the station yard, and on the brow of the hill leading from the railway premises another arch of graceful proportions bore upon its face, in bronze and gold letters on a crimson ground, the word "Welcome." The flanks were entwined with ribbons bearing the mottoes "God bless our Princess May," "God bless the happy pair," "Long live the Duke of York," "Health to the Royal pair," and "God bless our Sailor Prince." It was surmounted by a Prince of Wales's coronet, behind which rose a flagstaff bearing the national standard, and at each end of the structure were displayed ducal coronets and flagstuffs flying the naval blue ensign and the ensign of St. George. At the crossways, near the White Lodge, was a circle of Venetian masts, furnished with gilt finials of various designs, and bearing medallions emblazoned with the initials G. and M., trophies of flags, and true-lovers' knots. Midway between this and West Newton was another arch erected by the people on the Sandringham estate, of similar design to that already described. The village street from the church to the park gates was gay with Venetian masts bearing continuous lines of fluttering pennons. The road leading to the railway station was densely thronged by sightseers. The route and the station yard were kept by a strong force of county constabulary under the command of the Chief Constable of Norfolk, Mr. Paynton Pigott. The train was signalled at North Wootton at 7.52, and four minutes later it ran up to the platform at Wolferton. The Duke and Duchess on alighting thanked the railway officials for their arrangements, which had conduced to the comfort of the journey.



ARCH IN THE WEST NEWTON ROAD, NEAR SANDRINGHAM.

His Royal Highness then shook hands with the Chief Constable, whom he presented to the Duchess of York. Her Royal Highness also shook hands with Mr. Pigott, and then returned with the Duke to the waiting-room. A few minutes afterwards the royal couple entered the carriage in waiting at the main entrance. An escort of the Royal Suffolk Hussars, of which the Duke of York is honorary

colonel, was formed up in the station yard under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Lucas. The bride and bridegroom were received with the royal salute, and the cavalcade, amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators, started for Sandringham. Everywhere along the route they were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and at West Newton, where the roadway was lined by the tenantry and labourers, loud and prolonged cheers were given. York Cottage was reached at about half-past eight o'clock. An interesting surprise awaited the royal pair after reaching home. Suddenly, to their evident astonishment, the islands and the rocks in the ornamental waters were illuminated with fairy lamps, the rustic bridge and boat-house being outlined with the same, while the girths of about fifty trees were illuminated by fairy lamps and Japanese lanterns. On the highest part of the park there was a display of fireworks.

Over a thousand of the Sandringham tenantry, work-people, and cottagers dined in the marquee at three o'clock, under the presidency of Mr. F. Beck, the estate agent, who proposed the toasts of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York. These were received with three times three hearty cheers. Afterwards six hundred school-children received a good tea, and a programme of sports was carried out.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I hope it is not too late in the day to offer my sincere congratulations to Henry Irving on his really magnificent performance of Becket. Since Oct. 6, 1866, when our great actor first appeared at the St. James's Theatre in the character of Doricourt, I have never missed a first night in which Henry Irving was concerned until Becket was

culminates there. A more beautiful illustration of divine resignation and of an exalted soul the modern stage has not seen. Our American cousins greeted Henry Irving very cordially before, but they will never have seen him to such advantage as in the character of Archbishop Becket. There is one more character in the long list of heroic and pathetic churchmen to whom Henry Irving should instantly devote his attention. Need I say that I allude to Savonarola? The actor's face is exactly that of Savonarola. I once heard that my old and lately lost friend, Gilbert à-Beckett, had written a play on the subject of Savonarola for Mr. Irving. I trust it is true. When our famous actor has accomplished Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur" he must turn his attention to the heroic monk.

Much as I admire the style of Eleonora Duse, and delighted as I was with her Cyprienne in "Divorçons," I cannot help owning that I was woefully disappointed with her Camille. To my mind, she did not understand the character, and the performance was wholly wanting in pathos. This gifted lady is a comedian, and a very remarkable comedian, but she does not affect me in the least. She cries, but her tears are not real. She is sad, but she is acting sadness. Eleonora Duse seems to take a pride in not doing what her predecessors have done. This is what some people praise as unconventionality—hateful word—whereas it is nonsense. Do you mean to tell me that Dumas did not intend his heroine to be tired out and fatigued with sensual dissipation in the first act? Did he not wish to show the illumination of a pure love on a tainted soul? Eleonora Duse makes Camille robust, positively robust, and wholly unsentimental. Do you mean to say that Dumas did not desire to make us weep in the scene between Camille and the old father? Did he not make Jules Janin cry like a calf over the letter-writing scene? Of course he did, and the best Camilles I have seen—notably Aimée Desclée and Sarah



"FAREWELL!"—THE QUEEN AND ROYAL GUESTS ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

created. In my humble opinion, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre has beaten his own record, and up to the present period of his career the finest thing he has ever done is this saintly churchman and diplomat in Lord Tennyson's poetical drama. Yesterday, had a vote been taken, I doubt not that Louis the Eleventh would have been quoted as Henry Irving's masterpiece. To-day it is Becket. This remarkable actor is surprisingly good as diplomatic churchmen. But clever, incisive, and picturesque as were his Cardinal Richelieu and Cardinal Wolsey, it is Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who now stands head and shoulders above the rest. I have never failed to observe that the critics who are loudest in depreciation of Mr. Irving's methods have never taken the trouble even to study his best work. They will linger disparagingly over his Romeo, or Claude Melnotte, or Lear, but at the same time candidly own that they had never seen his Hamlet, Iago, Benedick, Shylock, Charles the First, Eugene Aram, or Louis the Eleventh. To my mind, it is preposterous to state there is the slightest trace of manner, or any method that is not most admirable in such a performance as that of Becket; never before has the actor shown such dignity of pathos and such serenity of soul as in the scene that anticipates the Archbishop's martyrdom. The last scene of "Charles the First" is exquisite enough, but never before on any stage have I seen such an exalted expression, such a transfiguration, if I may so speak, as when Becket faces martyrdom and fate with a man's courage and a priest's devotion. His face becomes illumined, his smile reminds one of the saints, his voice is surpassing sweet, and it seems as if the man were already in the very light of Heaven. This is more than mere acting, it is inspiration. Do not let it be supposed, however, that the interest of the personation is confined to the scene I have described. It merely

Bernhardt—made the whole audience sob. When Eleonora Duse played not one tear was shed. She simply cut out the letter-writing scene altogether as unworthy of her attention. This is what people praise as fine because it is unconventional. It would be unconventional to play Hamlet as a wag, or Romeo as a misogynist, or Shylock as a Christian, or Desdemona as a repulsive old woman, but it would be nonsense, all the same; and I maintain it is absolute nonsense to take a sentimental play like "La Dame aux Camélias" and divest it of all sentiment. When I say this I am met with the assurance that Eleonora Duse plays Camille in the Italian way. But that is not what we want. Marguerite Gauthier is a French courtesan dying of consumption and a broken heart. To play her otherwise is absurd. Who can forget Sarah Bernhardt's death as Camille—a most poetic conception? The death of Camille by Duse was to me positively vulgar.

I do not think that "A Woman's Revenge" is a good title for a play, but Mr. Henry Pettitt has given the Adelphi some of his best work. If he wanted a showy title he might have called his drama "The Old Bailey," for here he has placed his most striking and important scene. Mr. Pettitt is a thoroughly experienced dramatist, and he writes for the stage far better than many people care to own. Like a sensible man, he closes his ears to the trash about unconventionality. He wants to make his work pay and please at the same time, and he succeeds. The only mistake he made in this instance was to accept as his heroine an excellent actress, but one who is wholly opposed to convention and tradition. Why should not this same gifted lady be consistent? If she is opposed to the popular form of drama, why does she play in it? I like people in all classes of life, as far as possible, to practise what they preach.

T H E R O Y A L W E D D I N G .



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SANDRINGHAM.



ILLUMINATIONS ON THE LAKE AT SANDRINGHAM.

T H E   R O Y A L   W E D D I N G .



THE DUKE OF YORK RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE LORD MAYOR AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of Prince George, Duke of York, only surviving son of the Prince of Wales, to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, the "Princess May" of her family and of popular affection, took place on Thursday, July 6, in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. It was attended not only with the ceremonials of the Royal Court, in the presence of the Queen, with the Russian Czarovitch, the King and Queen of Denmark, and princely representatives of the German imperial house and of other foreign sovereignties, but also with a general demonstration of festive gladness and of public sympathy unequalled in London since the wedding, thirty years ago, of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra of Denmark. On that occasion the marriage was at Windsor, and in the month of March; but this time it was in London, and one of the brightest of summer days that ever shone in England poured a flood of sunlight over this immense city, giving full effect to the profuse variety of street and house decorations and to the several carriage processions. The most interesting time was in the afternoon, when, after the wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace, the newly married pair went eastward along the main line of London thoroughfares, from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, to St. Paul's, to the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange, and to the Great Eastern Railway Station, whence they departed to Sandringham, in Norfolk, to stay in York Cottage, within the park belonging to Sandringham House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In front of Buckingham Palace, guarded by the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), Horse Artillery, and some of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry and Volunteers, the arrival of many wedding guests of royalty occupied the attention of a multitude of spectators until half-past eleven o'clock. Then began the procession of closed royal carriages going to St. James's Palace, though so near, by a circuitous route up Constitution Hill, eastward along Piccadilly, and down St. James's Street. The first part of this procession consisted of thirteen carriages, in the fifth of which was the Duke of Cambridge; in the sixth were the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with three of their children; next came Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) with her husband; Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children; Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, with whom were the two unmarried daughters of the Prince of Wales; the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and, lastly, the Princess of Wales, with her parents, the King and Queen of Denmark, and with the Czarovitch, or Russian Prince Imperial. These were heartily cheered. A half-squadron of the Blues rode before two carriages forming the second part of the procession, which was that of the bridegroom, the Duke of York, who sat with his father, the Prince of Wales, and his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, all in naval uniform. Then came the bride, Princess May, with her father, the Duke of Teck, and her brother, Prince Adolphus of Teck. It need scarcely be said that the appearance of the bride and bridegroom, seen distinctly through the windows of their carriages, was enthusiastically greeted by the people. The Queen's procession, escorted by six sections of the Life Guards, by the Victorian Horse Artillery, and by the Indian Cavalry, was last in order. Her Majesty, seated in a state carriage drawn by four cream-coloured ponies, was hailed with the most vehement expressions of loyalty by the voices and gestures of a hundred thousand of her subjects.

The scene in Piccadilly, from Hyde Park Corner to St. James's Street, and all down St. James's Street, afforded a spectacle both more imposing from the vast numbers and the fervent excitement of the assemblage in those streets, and more splendid from the beauty of the decorations, than anywhere else. In Piccadilly, the great stand erected at Apsley House, that in the courtyard of the Naval and Military Club, and that above the front wall of the court at Devonshire House were conspicuous features of the route. St. James's Street was magnificently adorned, from its upper end down to the gateway of the old palace. Festoons of foliage overhead, suspended from Venetian masts, crossed each other along its entire length; the houses were hung with

drapery of rich colours, and overhung with flags and banners, and at the Pall Mall end of the street were erected two Corinthian columns imitating marble, crowned with floral trophies and tall tufts of waving Pampas grass. Silk and velvet were largely used in the house decorations. The street here was guarded by the 17th Lancers, the Blues, and the Foot Guards. Immediately facing the palace was a broad band of blue velvet across the street, bearing in gold letters the words, "All happiness be yours for evermore."

All the carriages, except those of the Queen and her suite, on arriving at St. James's Palace, turned to the left and entered by Marlborough Gate; the Queen's carriage drove into Ambassadors' Court. Having alighted at the doors, all the Princes and Princesses were

presently conducted to the Chapel Royal. Here, by removing the ordinary altar, the pulpit, the choir, and the pews, additional room had been obtained, and there were seats, covered with crimson cloth, for about three hundred persons. The floor was spread with the Tudor pattern cloth, ornamented with roses; a Persian silk carpet was laid on the dais around the altar. Upon the altar was much gold plate, a crucifix, high candlesticks, sacramental cups and dishes, with beautiful white flowers. The walls on each side were hung with old tapestry. Crimson-covered gilt chairs were placed on the dais for the royal family and their guests. The seats on the floor and in the galleries were occupied by ladies and gentlemen of rank, Ministers and eminent members of both Houses of Parliament, with their wives, foreign Ambassadors, and officials of the royal household; many gentlemen wore Court dress or uniforms and the chains or badges of knighthood; the ladies were in evening dress, without trains, and made a great display of jewels.

Her Majesty the Queen, ushered in by the Lord Chamberlain with the customary Court procession and with a flourish of silver trumpets, was greeted by the silent rising of the whole congregation. She wore a black dress, almost covered with fine white lace, a small crown of diamonds, the blue riband of the Garter, and several stars or badges of her orders of knighthood. When she had taken her seat, music was heard; and the bridegroom, in the uniform of a Captain of the Royal Navy, with his father, attired as Lord High Admiral, and the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, came up to his place at the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Rochester, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, domestic chaplain to the Queen, and other clergymen, were already there. The next music was that of the Bridal March from Wagner's "Lohengrin," to which the bride entered and came up to the altar, supported by her father and brother, and followed by her ten bridesmaids. Princess May's wedding dress was of white and silver brocade with a pattern of clustered roses, thistles, and shamrocks, and with no train; her bridal veil, of Honiton point

lace, and the trails of orange-blossoms over her dress completed the appropriate costume; she carried a bouquet of white flowers. Her bridesmaids were the bridegroom's sisters, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and his cousins, Princesses Melita, Alexandra, and Beatrice of Edinburgh, Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princesses Victoria and Alexandra of Battenberg.

On the right-hand side of the dais sat the Queen, the bridegroom's grandmother, with the Grand Duke of Hesse on her left, the King of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, and the Queen of Denmark on her right hand. On the opposite side was the Duchess of Teck, with two of her sons, Prince Alexander and Prince Francis. Nearly thirty other Princes and Princesses, among whom was the Czarovitch, were seated around; the Duke and Duchess of Fife were also there. The religious service began with the singing, by the choir, of a hymn composed for the occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury read the usual form appointed by the Church of England for the solemnisation of matrimony. The bride was given away by her father, the Duke of Teck. Her responses and promises were uttered in a low voice, but those of the bridegroom were distinctly audible. The Archbishop, after his benediction, delivered a brief address, in which he urged the needfulness



Photo by Guan and Stuart.

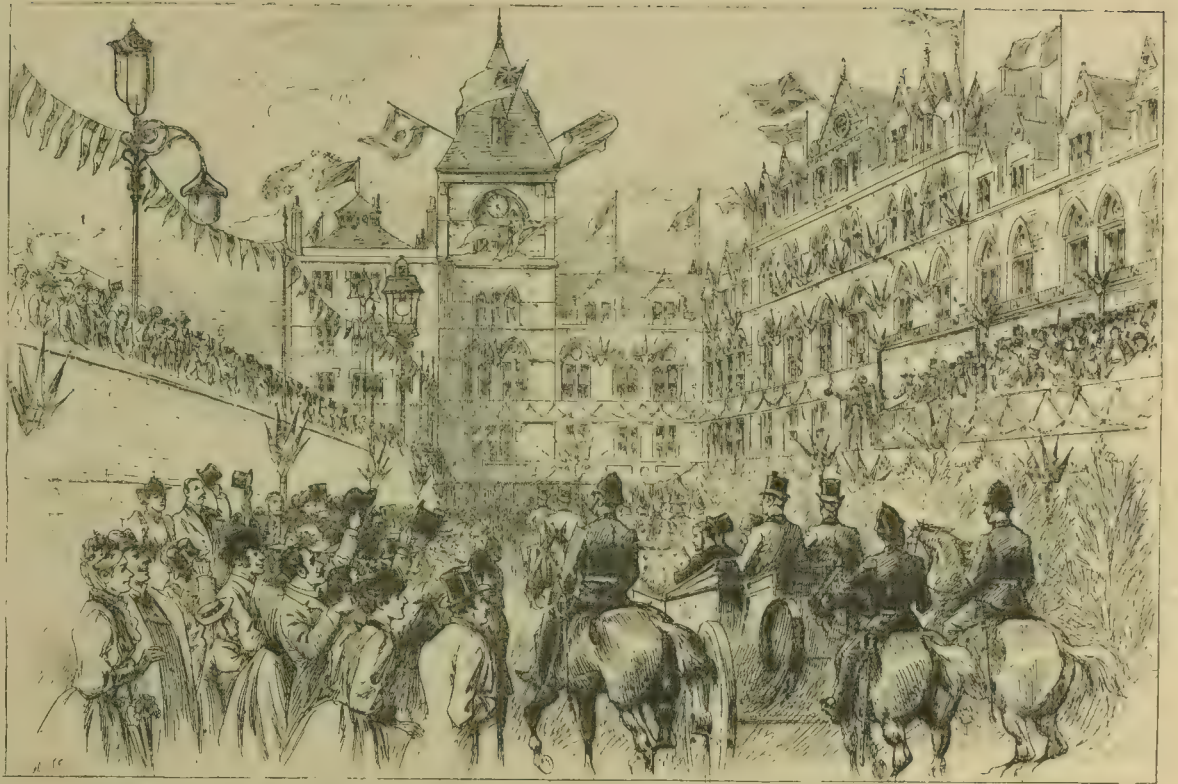
WEDDING CAKE MADE BY THE QUEEN'S BAKER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

of "discretion and moderation, and wisdom of conduct, thought, and speech," remarked that "the first element of society is the family," and prayed that this royal marriage union might prove a benefit to society, to the country and to the people. Another hymn was sung. The bridegroom kissed the Queen, the Princess of Wales and her parents, and the Duchess of Teck; he kissed his bride, who was also kissed by the Queen and by everyone of the royal family. Immediately afterwards they all left the chapel, re-entered the carriages, and returned by the same route to Buckingham Palace. The guns in St. James's Park fired a royal salute.

Soon after their return to Buckingham Palace, the Queen, with the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by the Czarevitch, appeared in the balcony over the main front entrance, to the great delight of a vast multitude of people assembled before the palace. Chairs were placed in the balcony, and her Majesty, with their Royal Highnesses, sat there about ten minutes, evidently much pleased by the hearty acclamations with which they were hailed. At half-past two, in the Bow Saloon of the palace, the register of marriage was signed, with the attestation by the Queen and many other witnesses. The wedding breakfast or luncheon was served for the Queen and the royal family and their guests, in the large state dining-room, where her Majesty had the Duke and Duchess of York next her, on one side, and the King and Queen of Denmark on the other. The first toast, that of "The Bride and Bridegroom," was proposed by the Queen herself. In the ball-room, at the same time, three hundred of the Queen's guests were entertained. The band of the Scots Guards played on the lawn outside.

At five o'clock the newly married couple, amid the farewell kind wishes of their family and friendly company at the wedding, started from Buckingham Palace to pass through London on their way to the Great Eastern Railway. Their departure was watched from the front balcony by the Queen, the Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Henry of Prussia. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge followed them to their carriage and threw showers of rice after them. The new Duchess of York wore a travelling dress of ivory-white Irish poplin, with a cape, embroidered with gold thread and yellow crystal beads, and a gold-coloured bonnet with white feathers. The carriages, which were open, were escorted by a squadron of Royal Horse Guards (Blue). The route was along Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, along the Strand, through Temple Bar, down Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, round St. Paul's, along Cheapside, by the Mansion House, and on by King William Street, to Gracechurch Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Liverpool Street, to the railway station. It was kept all along the way by military, Volunteers, and police; all the side pavements were thronged with spectators, whose cheering was incessant; people were at all the windows and on the roofs of many houses; grand stands were erected at several convenient places—at

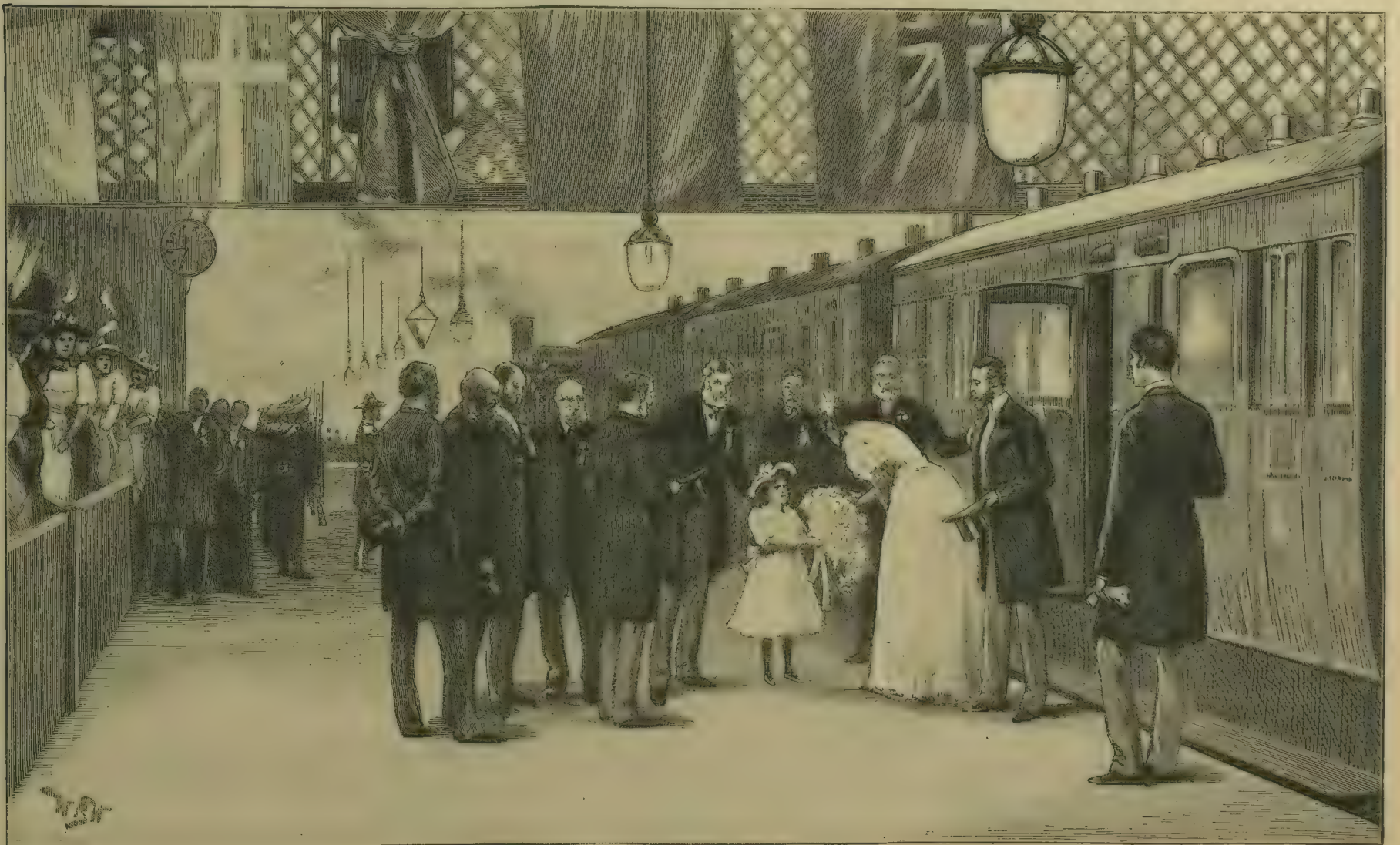


ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT LIVERPOOL STREET RAILWAY STATION.

St. Mary's Church and St. Clement Danes and in front of the Law Courts; also in Ludgate Circus, at St. Paul's, at the Royal Exchange, and near the entrance to Gracechurch Street there was accommodation for many spectators. The street decorations generally consisted of banners, some crossing the street, and of innumerable small flags hung from lines supported by Venetian masts, which were covered with red cloth, a double triumphal arch at Temple Bar, and the adornment of the railway viaduct across Ludgate Hill, of Queen Anne's statue in front of St. Paul's, and especially of the Mansion House, with greenery and flowers in great abundance, very tastefully arranged. To describe the effective decorations of the shops and houses is a task beyond our space.

The City Corporation, represented by the Lord Mayor in his state coach with four horses, the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs, deputations of Aldermen, and the City Lands Committee, in other carriages, met the Duke and Duchess of York at St. Paul's, and turned with them to pass to the Mansion House. There a carpet had

been laid on the pavement, beside which the royal carriage halted. The Lady Mayoress, with two of her little grandchildren, Master Stuart Knill and Miss Dorothy Knill, carrying baskets of rose-leaves to cast over the bride, was there to present the Duchess of York with a bouquet of orchids and ferns. The Lord Mayor alighted, and presented an address from the Corporation, to which the Duke of York, standing up in his carriage, delivered a written reply. There was music from the band of the 2nd Life Guards. The procession went on to the railway station in Liverpool Street. Here, on the platform, their Royal Highnesses were received by the Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company, Mr. C. H. Parker, Lord Claud Hamilton, deputy-chairman, Mr. W. Birt, traffic manager, and Mr. J. H. Nettleship, superintendent of the line. Mr. Birt's little daughter presented a bouquet. There was a naval guard of honour of a hundred seamen, with a band. The special train was ready, and started for Sandringham twenty-five minutes before six o'clock.



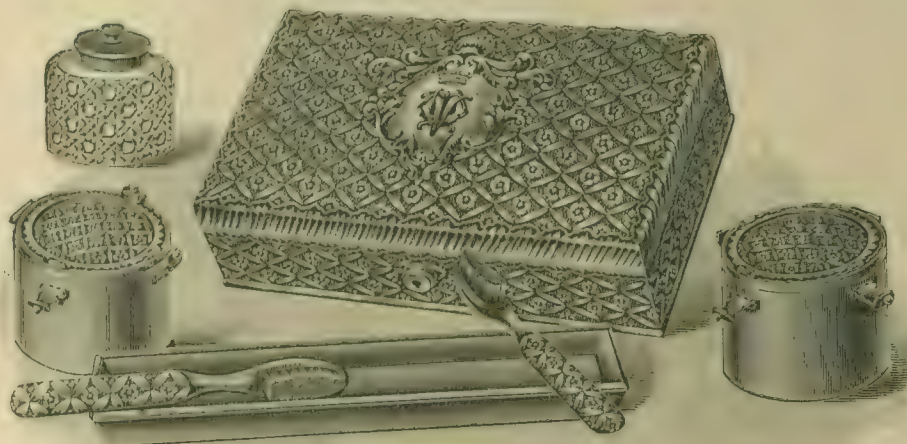
DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK FROM LIVERPOOL STREET RAILWAY STATION.

T H E   R O Y A L   W E D D I N G .

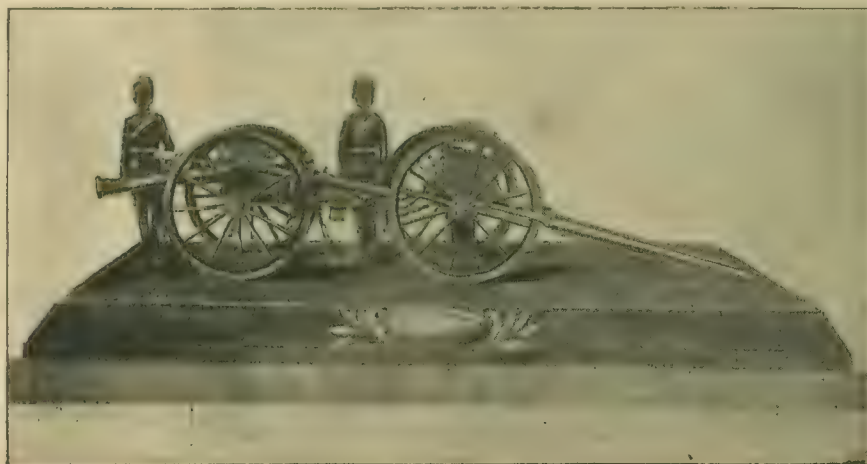


THE NEWLY MARRIED ROYAL PAIR PASSING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

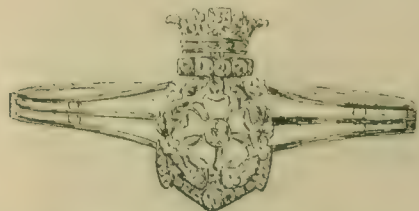
## THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.



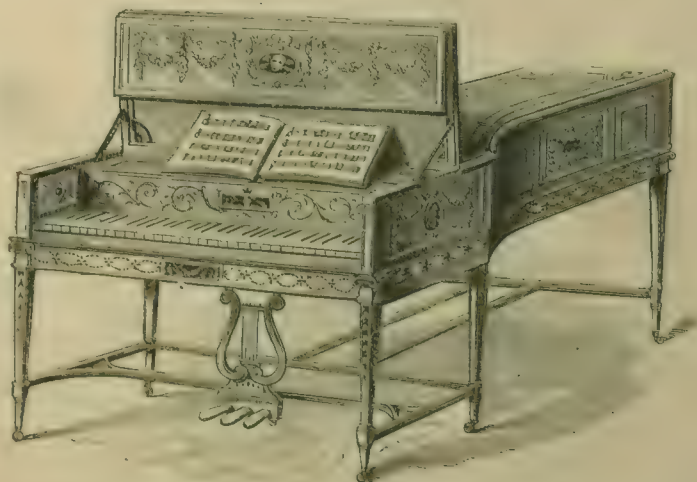
SILVER DENTISTRY BOX. PRESENTED BY MR. AND MRS. ISIDORE CLIFFORD,  
*Mappin Brothers, Regent Street.*



SILVER MODEL OF A 13-POUNDER, WITH LIMBER.  
PRESENTED BY THE 3RD MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.  
*The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.*

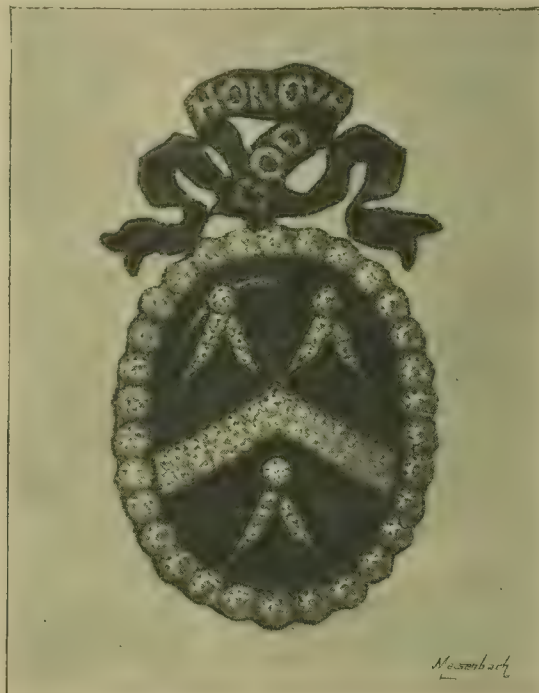


PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.  
*Collingwood and Co., Conduit Street.*

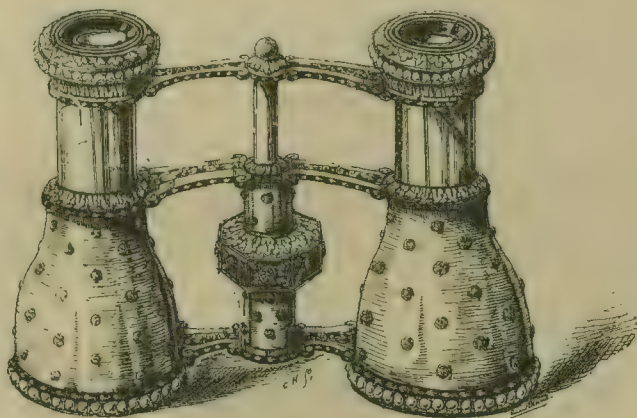


The boudoir grand pianoforte for Princess May that has been made by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons is designed to imitate a highly decorated harpsichord, the ordinary style of legs used in grands being superseded by a handsome framework in the early English style; that is to say, the case is designed *à la* Chippendale, inlaid with ivory and marqueterie on beautifully mottled mahogany. The interior is as perfect as the case which encloses it.

PRESENTED BY MESSRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS.



ENAMELLED AND JEWELLED BROOCH.  
PRESENTED BY THE CARPENTERS' COMPANY.  
*The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.*



GOLD OPERA GLASSES, STUDED WITH PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.  
PRESENTED BY SIR AUGUSTUS AND LADY HARRIS.  
*Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street.*



SILVER-GILT FRUIT DISHES AND SPOONS.  
PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.  
*The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.*

## AN OLD FRENCH WRAITH.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Last week Glanvil, More, and other curious ghostly characters of the seventeenth century in England supplied us with a topic. France was by no means behind our country in dearly loving a ghost. In the two stout volumes of the Abbé Longlet Dufresnoy, entitled, "Recueil de Dissertations Anciennes et Nouvelles sur les Apparitions" (Avignon, 1751), we find documents collected, some from manuscript reports of old trials, some from unique quartos of the sixteenth century, some from sources more accessible. In these narratives the point which most impresses the student is the marvellous uniformity of old tales with new—the strict conservatism of bogies earlier or later. The ordinary method of the spirits, then as now, is to begin by plucking at the dress of a young girl, by rapping beside her wherever she goes, by tossing stones, and, finally, by moving heavy articles of furniture and causing loud thumps to be heard on walls and ceilings. The earliest instance here which precisely corresponds with "mediumship" and with "spirit-rapping" occurred at Lyons in 1526, and is narrated by the Grand Almoner of Francis I., an eye-witness. Either all men naturally tell the same lie or are under the same hallucination or undergo the same imposture, on one hand; or there is, on the other hand, a substratum of abnormal fact in these stories. The Abbé's book is full of tales in every respect parallel to modern narrations.

To-day one would ask attention for a singularly naïf account of a wraith, or apparition, shortly after death. Though nearly two hundred years have passed since the date of this hallucination, we can almost hear the voice of the good priest as he tells about it, and occasionally refreshes himself with snuff. The original tract, "Histoire d'une Apparition arrivée à Valogne," was published at Paris in 1708. A priest of Valogne, M. Bezuel, who taught children to read, is the speaker. In 1695 M. Bezuel, a schoolboy of fifteen, knew two other boys, named Desfontaines. The younger brother, his great friend, pestered Bezuel into signing a compact that he who died first should appear to the other. After months of resistance Bezuel yielded, and signed, in August 1696. Desfontaines then left his father's house at Valogne and went to study at Caen. The two boys corresponded; Bezuel had a letter from the other in May 1697.

On July 31, 1697, at 2.30 p.m., M. Bezuel had, apparently, a slight sunstroke in the hayfield. Hay seems to have been late that year. On Aug. 1 he had a similar slight attack of faintness, at the same hour, about half-past two in the afternoon. On both nights he slept very badly. Obviously he was not in his usual health. On Aug. 2, at half-past two, in the hay-house, he fainted. He has been told that he said, in answer to a question, "I have seen what I never could have believed"; but he remembered neither question nor answer. He does remember having seen a half-naked body of a person whom he did not recognise. The haymakers helped him to descend from the hay-loft by a ladder: as he came down he saw the younger Desfontaines at the bottom of the ladder, and fainted again. They laid him on a seat hard by, in the Grande Place des Capucins; he then ceased to see M. de Sortoville, with whom he lived, and his servants, who were present, but he *did* see Desfontaines, making signs to him at the ladder foot. Desfontaines walked up to him, took him by the arm, and led him some thirty paces into a quiet street or alley. The servants, thinking that Bezuel wished to be alone, left him, except one boy, who told M. de Sortoville that he was talking to himself. M. de Sortoville approached, and heard him putting questions and making answers to the empty air! For about three-quarters of an hour, Bezuel conversed with Desfontaines, who told him that he had been drowned at Caen, "the day before yesterday," July 31, a Tuesday (the day and hour when Bezuel first felt unwell). He had fainted in the water while bathing, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The Abbé de Mesnil-Jean, his friend, failed to rescue him. Desfontaines added many details. To Bezuel's questions about Purgatory and so forth, he returned no answer at all, merely continuing his discourse, "as if he did not hear, or did not choose to hear me." He seemed to be half naked. He asked Bezuel to say seven psalms for him, a penitential exercise which he had neglected. He even mentioned a tree in the Avenue de Louvigny at Caen, on which he had cut some words. Two years later, Bezuel was on the spot, counted the trees till he came to that which Desfontaines had mentioned, and found his inscription. The Chevalier de Gotot confirmed the truth of Desfontaines' other remarks. The appearance caught Bezuel by the arm so as to hurt him; but Bezuel could not embrace the appearance—he embraced the air. The vision then went away, and Bezuel saw it no more at that time, but twice afterwards. At the end of the first interview, he told M. de Varouville, his school friend, what had happened—how the younger Desfontaines was drowned, and the rest. De Varouville ran to the house of Desfontaines' parents: they had just received a letter announcing the death.

De Varouville returned to Bezuel, and, having misunderstood the letter, told him that the *elder* Desfontaines was drowned. "No," said Bezuel, "it is the younger." De Varouville went back to the house of the Desfontaines,

and presently rejoined Bezuel, weeping. "Cela n'est que trop vrai!" he said.

Monsieur Bezuel never experienced any other hallucination. "Et voilà mon aventure au naturel," he ended.

The French author who prints his narrative decides, with perfect good sense, that he had a feverish dream in daylight. "By chance it was partly veridical"—but it was *all* veridical, according to Bezuel. The affair of the inscription on the tree our sceptic explains by supposing that Desfontaines had written to Bezuel about it, and that Bezuel had forgotten, while awake, what he remembered in his dream. The drowning he did not know about till a letter telling the tale had arrived in the town, though he was unaware of the arrival of the letter. Or he *was* aware of it, and the derangement of his brain made him forget the fact, while it presented him with the vision. We could not argue more sagaciously to-day; and amateurs may call M. Bezuel's case of "telepathy" or a transient derangement, as fancy or reason chances to dictate. In either case the kind of event happens frequently, though the seer seldom so frankly admits that he was not, during the phenomena, "all there."

The narrative revives, as by a sympathetic spell, a few hours of lives otherwise absolutely lost and forgotten: the good priest asked to dinner, that he may tell his one adventure; the gay and brilliant boy (such the young Desfontaines was), so eager about his boyish scheme of the mystical compact; the hot day at the haymaking; the lad standing in converse with vacant space in the empty, narrow street; the sorrow of youth for a dear friend. We see these things again, though they seemed trivial parts of the irrevocable, as perhaps we shall see all our own lives again, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

I have been looking for a catastrophe which would have made this article quite superfluous. Mr. Douglas Fawcett is writing an Anarchist story in the *English Illustrated*, the climax of which is to be the destruction of London. The July instalment of the tale is headed by a picture representing the blowing up of the Houses of Parliament by dynamite dropped from an aerial ship, and I see all the hoardings in town covered with a gigantic replica in colours of the same gruesome fantasy. Being very sensitive to pictorial impressions from the hoarding—that Academy of the streets—I was quite prepared to find my occupation gone in the general crash. Sitting amid the débris of London, how could I have penned this paper? Was Marius in the ruins of Carthage in the humour for a causerie? Besides, after reading Mr. Grant Allen's elaborate sarcasms in the *Fortnightly* about this unfortunate city, I felt that if we should be all smashed up by dynamite bombs from the blue it would be no more than our deserts. There is not a spot in London for which Mr. Grant Allen can say a good word. He even bullies our municipal ædiles for erecting Mr. Alfred Gilbert's fountain in Piccadilly Circus—not that he objects to the fountain, of which, oddly enough, he has nothing to say, but because it is a memorial of Lord Shaftesbury, whom Mr. Grant Allen calls a "respectable and retrograde evangelical nobleman." A work of art is to be judged by the religious opinions of the person to whose memory it is dedicated. With this fiat of "post-prandial philosophy" in my mind, I took a walk to Piccadilly Circus, and surveyed the fountain in its evangelical and retrograde aspect. I perceived that the spirited figure with wings and a bow was the symbolic archer of orthodoxy, who had just discharged a shaft in the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham's theatre. I noticed that the water which bubbled from the dolphins, biting their own tails (no doubt, a subtle theological suggestion) had a fine sectarian smack. To the children playing on the steps I said, "Youthful citizens, beware! You are imbibing the reactionary waters of dogmatic disputation!" Alas! they were quite heedless! Indeed, I have reason to believe that they regarded me as a person who, in the vocabulary legitimised by Professor Brander Matthews, might lawfully be termed a "crank."

From this sad thought it was a comfort to escape by contemplating the majesty of a truly great man as unveiled by Mr. G. W. Smalley in the *Fortnightly*. The truly great is Prince Bismarck, who, as I understand Mr. Smalley, has all the striking qualities which make a leader of men, including patience, self-control, magnanimity, and a sublime indifference to popular opinion. These, I suppose, are illustrated by the admirable temper which the old statesman has displayed in his retirement, by his speeches to interviewers, not so discreet as Mr. Smalley, and by his appeals to the despised public judgment through the medium of the remnant of that "Reptile Press," so justly associated with his renown. Prince Bismarck has never "pandered to the mob," like your mere British statesman, or even like your mere German Emperor, whose speeches, being so different from the grave and dignified discourse of the late Chancellor on all occasions, fill Mr. Smalley with wonder and alarm. I was further soothed by Mr. Healy's article in the *New Review*, exhibiting the redoubtable "Tim" in his sedately humorous mood, with a literary gift which makes me respect the writer who is enveloped by the member of Parliament, and who can throw off that Adam to pen such a piece of style as this. But here is Mr. Bryce thirsting to hear the youngest generation knocking at the door of the House of Commons. In the *Contemporary*, the Chancellor of the Duchy prescribes the teaching of "civic duty" to schoolboys of thirteen. They are to be taught to understand and appreciate the institutions of their country, from Parliament down to the vestries. When they leave school they will be simply bursting with public spirit, but entirely free from party feeling. For Mr. Bryce thinks they can be instructed by the ordinary school-teacher both in political history and in current political events, without any suspicion of partisan-

ship. I can see Paterfamilias, who is a violent Radical, confronted by his impartial offspring aged fourteen.

PATER. Well, Johnny; what have you learned this last term? Upon my word, if the Tories get their way, our youngsters won't learn anything except the beauty of landed property and the Church of England!

JOHNNY. Father, you are wrong. What we chiefly learn at our school is to appreciate the motives of all parties, and to vilify none.

PATER. Good gracious! Are you trying to make a fool of me, you young rascal?

JOHNNY. Your language, Sir, though unbecoming, does not offend me. I know my civic duty too well to take umbrage, even when called a rascal. Now, Sir, if you can spare me the time and patience, I should like to show you by a brief historical sketch of land and the Church in this country that the laws of social and political evolution—

PATER. Confound you for an impudent little monkey! Do you presume to lecture me?

JOHNNY. We never lecture at our school. We reason. Even the forces of injustice and perversity which distinguish an elder generation must yield to persuasion.

PATER. Must they! Take that and that! (*Boxes Johnny's ears.*)

JOHNNY (*holding his head*). You err, Sir; you greatly err. But as the spirit of civic duty knows no resentment, I shall proceed with my theme. Under a system of feudalism—

PATER (*apoplectic*). Go to—to cricket, to football, Sir! Go and—bicycle yourself, you—you reactionary puppy, you!

JOHNNY. The pastimes to which you refer are excellent in their proper place and season, but foreign to the scope of our present inquiry. As I have already pointed out, the feudal system—

PATER. Where's my hat? Where's a cab? If I don't give your precious schoolmaster a piece of my mind about his civic duty—! (*Exit in a rage, while Johnny takes from his pocket a handy manual of parochical government, and falls to with much relish.*)

The patriotic fourteen-year-old ought to find some inspiring reading in Mr. Froude's lecture in *Longman's* on the English sea-dogs of the sixteenth century. Perhaps he will be stirred, too, by Mr. Henry Norman's vivid picture of Siam in the *Contemporary* as a suitable acquisition to the British Empire. Of the purely literary matter in the magazines, the most notable feature is Mr. William Archer's contrast between the violent attacks on Ibsen during the last four years with the sale of the Ibsen plays in this country in the same period. Truly, the craze or pestilence which these works are supposed to have inspired or propagated has obtained an alarming hold on the reading public. Mr. Archer reduces to statistics the ravages of the evil spirit, or epidemic of folly (these are only samples of a fine stock of anti-Ibsenite epithets from which you may choose at random), and he performs his task with a callous indifference to moral mischief or mental disease (choice as before), which, no doubt, will be duly reprobated in the proper quarters. Mrs. Ritchie's reminiscences of Fanny Kemble in *Macmillan* are kindly to that strange woman's vagaries; and Mr. F. St. John Thackeray's reminiscences of the author of "Vanity Fair" are very vague. Mr. Richard Harding Davis writes in *Harper* about the Derby with delightful freshness; and Mr. George Kennan, in the *Century*, gives a quietus to a Russian official apologist named Botkine. L. F. A.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Strong testimony was borne in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury to the virtues of the Bishop of Norwich, who has just resigned. Dr. Pelham has been among the most retiring of the bishops, but few have been more quietly efficient or more deservedly popular. All the speakers fixed upon "the exceeding sweetness and gentleness of his disposition." There was, said the Bishop of Winchester, "a gentle stateliness of manner in Bishop Pelham, resulting, I think, not only from his birth, but from his beautiful nature, and one always felt that in him there was a great conscientiousness, and that he was constantly inspired by a supreme love of truth and by what many of us find so hard—a constant sense of the Divine presence." Bishop Pelham was for three years incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, and was followed by Dr. Bickersteth, now Bishop of Exeter, who remained there thirty years.

The Bishop of Norwich spent a week with his old parishioners in Liverpool before settling in his new home. He preached a farewell sermon to a crowded congregation. Dr. Sheepshanks is to be presented with a magnificent pastoral staff, and his enthronement at Norwich took place on July 13.

The death of Archdeacon North, of Cardigan, is much regretted. During his long and active career (he had reached the advanced age of eighty-five) he held various positions, including the Latin Professorship at Lampeter, which he filled from 1840 to 1862. He had there as colleagues some remarkable men, including the brilliant Rowland Williams, Bishop Harold Browne, and Bishop Perowne. The Archdeacon was held in great esteem throughout the Principality for his scholarly attainments.

Dr. Kisters has been appointed successor of the great Hebraist, Dr. Kuenen, in the University of Leyden.

Sir J. William Dawson has resigned the Principalship of McGill University, Montreal, which he has held since 1855. Sir William Dawson has written much on religion and science, and is one of the few distinguished geologists who adhere rigidly to the strictest view of inspiration. He has prepared for the press a new work dealing with some salient points in the controversy, which will be published shortly.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, the eminent Presbyterian Minister of New York, is at present on a visit to Ireland, his native country. The University of Dublin took the opportunity to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for July Mrs. Humphry Ward introduces Professor Harnack, of Berlin, to the English public. It is passing strange, and not too creditable to English theologians, that the most eminent of German Church historians since Neander should need to be introduced to the English public by a lady novelist!—V.



Duke of York.

Princess May.

Grand Duke of Hesse.

Grand Duchess of  
Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The Czarevitch.

Queen of Denmark.

Princess of Wales.

King of Denmark.

THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE OPERA, TUESDAY, JULY 4.

T H E R O Y A L W E D D I N G .



SCENE AT THE ARCH, ON CONSTITUTION HILL.



PROCESSION IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.



THE WEDDING CAKE IN THE BREAKFAST-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING: ILLUMINATIONS AND DECORATIONS.



"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OFFICE, 108, STRAND: SHOWING LIMELIGHT.



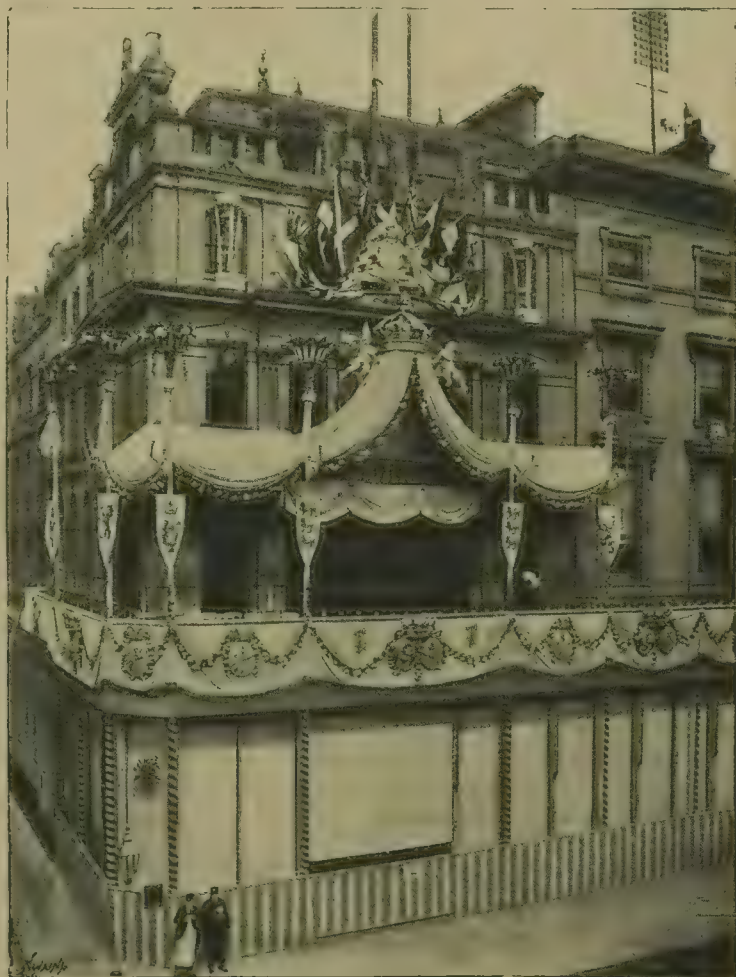
MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S, 'THE POULTRY.'



THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



THE MANSION HOUSE.



MESSRS. HAMPTON'S, PALL MALL EAST.



THE GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: HER MAJESTY'S RECEPTION OF THE GUESTS.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The question whether the electric light is hurtful to the eyesight is one which has been often debated. I find one set of opinions holding that it is harmless, notwithstanding its brightness. Another, and opposing, set of opinions expresses the idea that the light may have injurious effects on the eyes, although, confessedly, the data at command are not yet sufficient to warrant authorities in definitely agreeing upon this latter point. A paper published in the *British Medical Journal* by Mr. Bendelack Hewetson, M.R.C.S., of Leeds, will be found to possess an interest reaching much further afield than the limits of the medical profession, because it details certain curious effects on the eyesight following upon witnessing operations connected with electric welding processes. These processes are applied in the working of iron. There are, at least, two systems extant. One is the Benardo system, in which an immense heat is concentrated on a small area through the action of an electric arc "between the metal to be welded and a movable carbon rod conveying the current." In the other system, the Thomson-Houston plan, a current is made to flow through the metals to be united, the proper high temperature being thus produced.

In the course of these operations, it is necessary and customary for the workmen engaged in them to protect the eyes by means of suitable glasses or shields. Mr. Hewetson had three patients under his hands at one time suffering from severe eye-irritation and allied symptoms, the result of witnessing electric welding experiments. Mr. Hewetson was called to the sufferers on the night of the day on which the experiments had been conducted. All three cases recovered completely and quickly under soothing treatment, although the pain and inflammation were great for a time. It seems that all three patients wore "goggles," which, however differed from those worn by the workmen in that they had no side-protectors. As several welding operations were going on at once, one patient told Mr. Hewetson that he felt the light pass by his glasses at an angle, from a welding he was not witnessing. This want of side-protection was, therefore, probably the cause of the accident.

Further details regarding the mode of protecting the eyes from the excessive light during these operations are given by Mr. Hewetson. It seems that in Sheffield the workmen hold shields of special make in their left hands, by way of protecting their eyes. The shields used in Germany are made of the deepest blue glass placed over red glass, thus forming a violet combination, and so cutting off the chemical light rays which are known to be nearest the most active and powerful rays of the spectrum of white light. Although the glass combination makes it almost impossible to see through it in ordinary daylight, the electric glare gives a perfect illumination through it. The best form of shield (as used in Sheffield), Mr. Hewetson states, is a wooden one, about 12 in. long by 10 in. broad, and provided with a short handle. Five plates of ruby glass are let into the shield, in an opening about 5 in. by 3½ in., set horizontally. These five plates combined give the necessary protection, and such as one single plate, equal in thickness to the five, will not afford. To test if the shield is of perfect construction it seems the flame of a lighted candle seen through the glass must appear as a mere spark, "such as is seen in a recently blown-out candle"; and the shield-protector, it is added, has been found to be infinitely preferable to any others in the form of goggles or glasses; while it also protects the face and neck, it can be held in the left hand, the right hand being free for the manipulation of the apparatus. A curious point is that if the face and neck are not protected, the skin peels off as under the blazing sun of summer. Mr. Hewetson adds that this result cannot be presumed to arise from mere heat, but is really an effect of the chemical rays; this last being itself a curious circumstance, of course.

Naturally, there arise out of the consideration of the facts just discussed, certain interesting thoughts regarding the effect on the eyes of the ordinary electric light itself, as used for the illumination of our homes and public buildings. I suppose one is within the mark in suggesting that what may happen in the course of welding operations, when the light is so intense, need not, and probably does not, happen in the case of the ordinary electric light display. Perhaps it is simply a question of degree, however, and it is most desirable that experts should be asked to settle the question, whether the brilliance of the electric light has any injurious effect at all on the eyes—a matter which the examination of those who are continually exposed to its influence might determine. It would certainly be a matter of deep regret were it discovered that any untoward effects on our eyes were likely to arise from this cause; still, the knowledge of our danger would be a boon, and the resources of science would surely be equal to the alleviation of the evil if such should be proved to exist. Also, it is curious to note one more addition to the list of the ailments which follow in the wake of our modern industries. We must add "electric-light eye" to the affections with which our high civilisation has been the means of afflicting certain of our kith and kin.

It has often struck me as a curious circumstance that, of all common poisons, carbolic acid should be so frequently administered accidentally or taken by accident. I am within the mark in saying that, in a very large proportion of cases of accidental poisoning, this acid is the agent represented. There are even cases reported in which nurses have administered the acid by mistake. One would imagine that the heavy tarry smell of carbolic acid would warn a person of his danger before he could succeed in swallowing the poison. Yet the list of cases is maintained year by year, and offers a singular instance of the chronic carelessness with which people treat articles of a poisonous and dangerous nature. I am glad to observe that it is becoming a common custom to print directions for the treatment of cases of poisoning by carbolic acid and other commonly used solutions, on the labels of the bottles. This is a step in the right direction; for few people know exactly what to give the patient when an accident of this kind happens.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

G W BLYTHE.—We are much obliged, and the game shall appear as soon as examined.

R S W (Hampton Court).—We are sorry we cannot make use of your contribution.

D E H NOYES (Cheltenham).—Will you please send another diagram of your last problem? A piece appears to be omitted.

PERCY HEALEY.—A very neat problem, which we are happy to accept.

H J F (Harrington).—We are always ready to examine games, but their publication depends on their quality.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2562 received from B K ROY (Dighapataya); of No. 2544 from R SYER (San José); of Nos. 2555 and 2596 from VI (Turkey); of No. 2567 from VI and Hereward; of No. 2538 from C E (Hamburg).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2569 received from J F MOON, B EYRE, Dr F ST, SHADFORTH, Captain J A CHALLICE (Great Yarmouth), Martin F, T ROBERTS, W P HIND, T G (Ware), Alpha, F J KNIGHT, E J G PIFFARD, STERLINGS (Ramsgate), C E PERUGINI, G JOICEY, M BURKE, R II BROOKS, Mrs WILSON (Plymouth), H B HURFORD, E LOUDEN, Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs KELLY (of Kelly), J ROSS (Whitley), S W SUTTON, W R RAILLEN, J C IRELAND, Joseph WILCOCK (Chester), J MARSHALL, Julia SHORT (Exeter), E E H, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), A J HADGOOD (Haslar), Myles TAYLOR (Crook), R WORTERS (Canterbury), A Newman, and C M A B.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2568.—By B. W. DE LA MOTHE (New York).

WHITE.  
1. Kt to R6th  
2. Q to Kt 2nd  
3. Q to R8th, mate

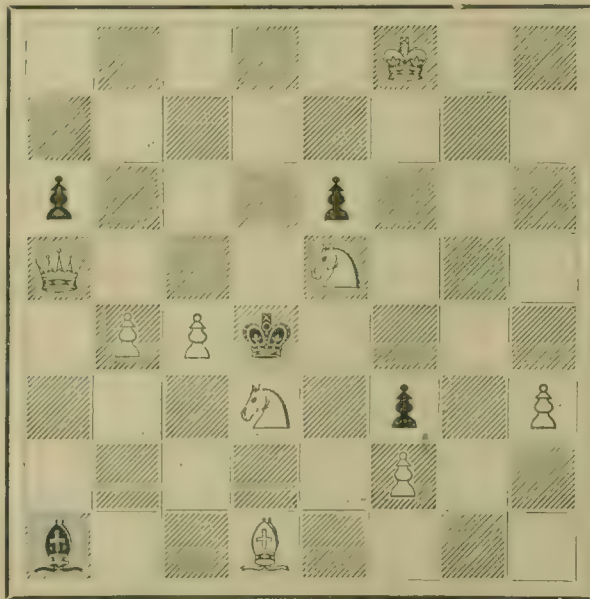
BLACK.  
P to R8th (a Kt)  
P takes Kt

If Black play 1. P to R8th (a Q), 2. R takes B (ch), P takes B; 3. R to Kt 4th (ch) ch, mate. If 1. B to K 5th, then 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch), &c.

## PROBLEM No. 2571.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Offhand game played at Simpson's Divan between Messrs. VAN VLIET and O. C. MULLER.

(Evans Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. B to Q Kt 4th	
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		A very strong move, as will be seen subsequently.
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19.	P to Kt 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	20. P to Q 4th	
5. P to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th		From this point until the finish the game is of the highest interest.
6. B to K 2nd		20.	P takes P
		21. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
		22. B takes B	P takes B
		23. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to B sq
		24. P to Kt 3rd	Kt takes P (ch)
			Black was under the impression that he would obtain sufficient attack to compensate him for the loss of the piece.
		25. K to R 2nd	Kt to B 5th
		26. P takes Kt	P takes P
			Threatening mate in four moves.
		27. B to Kt 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
		28. B to R 3rd	P to B 6th
		29. R to Kt sq	Q to B 5th (ch)
		30. K to R sq	P to B 3rd
			Quite oblivious of what his opponent has in store.
		31. Q takes Kt	R takes Q
		32. Q R to Kt 8th	
		(ch)	K to K 2nd
		33. R to Kt 7th, mate.	

## CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played between Messrs. Tschigorin and ALAPIN.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		the battle for White's Queen, Mr. Tschigorin, though he succeeds in extricating her, gets a bad game in the process. P to Q 5th, Castles, 13. P takes Kt, B to K Kt 5th, &c.
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	12.	B to Kt 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	14. P takes P	Castles
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	15. P takes P	P takes P
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
			If B to R 3rd, White obtains more than an equivalent in material for his Queen.
		16. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
		17. Q to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th
		18. P to K 6th	
			If B to R 3rd, the reply B takes Kt seems to win for Black.
		19.	Q to Kt 3rd
		20. Kt to R 4th	Kt to B 4th
		21. Kt takes Q	Kt takes Q
		22. K to R sq	Kt to K 7th (ch)
		23. P to B 3rd	P takes Kt
		24. R to K sq	B takes K P
			Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
			A pretty finale, which wins by force.
		25. P takes Kt	K to B 2nd
			Black mates in two moves.

We understand that Mr. F. J. Lee, in association with Mr. G. H. D. Gossip, will shortly publish a work on the game, entitled the "Chess-Player's Mentor." The Evans Gambit accepted, quoted above, from Mr. Lee's column in the *Hereford Times*, is a fair specimen of his judgment and analysis. The testimonial to which we alluded in a recent number is making satisfactory progress, and will shortly close.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Two (from January 7 to June 24, 1893) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

## ART NOTES.

The art season which is now rapidly closing has not been nearly so depressing as it is the fashion to make out. The large sums diverted from this country by the attractions of the Spitzer sale may have had an unfavourable effect; but the English buyers at the great Paris sale, as a rule, were those who seldom find what they want at Christie's or Sotheby's. Speaking generally, old masters have kept up their prices, and in some cases have shown a decided advance—modern painters have been supported more capriciously—and have shown how very ephemeral is the advantage of having been an Academician. John Linnell, who was never a member of that body, fetches higher prices than ever; while Thomas Webster, R.A., to name a typical case, falls lower and lower in public esteem. One of the most curious cases of recent success is that of the living artist Roussoff, who for some years has been painting scenes of Venice life, which, slight as they often are, have hit the popular taste more accurately than many of our own countrymen who have worked upon the same theme.

The outcry raised in some quarters against the purchase of the Ruysdael picture at the Mildmay sale is a little unjust. Sir F. Burton may be trusted to have taken stock of the specimens by this master in our national collection, and most people will agree with him that, with one exception, Ruysdael is not so strongly represented in Trafalgar Square as he deserves to be. The picture now purchased has had a very distinguished career. It was bought—with its companion picture—in 1792 for £68, and seven years later the Prince de Conti only paid £96 for the pair. In 1827 the picture we now possess again changed hands, but its price had risen to £80, and soon afterwards left France for Holland, whence it was purchased in 1881 by Mr. Bingham Mildmay for £216, and has now become the property of the nation for the not extravagant sum of 2900 guineas. The most notable appreciation, therefore, of Ruysdael's work has been within the last fifteen years.

Travellers by the alternately sun-baked and snow-driven railway from Paris to Lyons and the South are awakened from a first sleep or cheered after a long fast by the guard's shouting "Tonnerre." Beyond paying homage to its excellent buffet, few who pass through this old Burgundian town care to spend even a few hours among its quaint streets and old houses. The Hôtel d'Uzès—the original home of the great ducal family of which the chief has just died in Africa—is in all ways an interesting building, architecturally and historically, while it still contains sufficient objects of art and antiquity to occupy an hour's leisure. The great attraction of Tonnerre, however, is the Holy Sepulchre in the chapel of the Hospital. It is a work belonging to the middle of the fifteenth century, made up of a group of seven figures ranged behind the body, which Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who stand respectively at the head and feet, are reverently placing within the kewn tomb. This fine specimen of local sculpture was executed, as has been recently discovered, by Jean Michel and Georges de la Sonnette, two unknown *imageurs* who seem to have been thoroughly inspired by the teaching of Claus Sluter and his nephew Claus de Werne, *imageurs du Duc*, to whom we owe some of the finest sculptured work at Dijon.

Mr. Frank Short has succeeded in a measure far beyond expectation in his etching of Turner's "Bellinzone," of which the original sketch forms part of that artist's bequest to the National Gallery. The sketch, although slight, is thoroughly characteristic of Turner's style and method, which were not restrained by strict adherence to topographical accuracy. In Mr. Short's etching, which is published in the current number of the *Portfolio*, full justice is done to a scene which must have impressed itself upon all who have approached the Ticinese capital from the road. The castle—backed up by frowning mountains—towers over the plain and town stretching along the shores of the lake. It is not easy to interpret Turner's marvellous play of colour and his consummate knowledge of shade, but it must be allowed that Mr. Short, who stands quite in the front rank among contemporary etchers, has shown himself fully equal to his arduous task.

Mr. Thomas M. Hemy, whose name is already favourably known as the painter of several pictures dealing with the perils of the sea, has just finished a spirited work now on view at Messrs. Graves' (Pall Mall). The scene he has chosen on this occasion is the burning of the Kent, East Indian, some hundred miles south of the Bay of Biscay, in 1825. The Kent was conveying a large body of troops belonging to the 31st Regiment to India. In crossing the Bay of Biscay a cask of spirits got loose and broke, and in attempting to secure it the lamp held by one of the sailors fell from his hand and set the spirits on fire. All efforts to check the flames were fruitless, and the whole of the ship's company, making 642 in all, would have been lost but for the opportune arrival of the brig Cambria, which succeeded in rescuing 557 souls—while a dozen more were picked up by another passing ship. That a great deal of heroism was displayed on the occasion is certain, but it was not by either the soldiers or the sailors on board the Kent. The former were paralysed with fear, and the latter were with difficulty forced to return to the ship to assist in saving their comrades after they had conveyed the women and children to the Cambria. The real heroes of the occasion were some fifty Cornish miners on board the latter, who were on their way to the Mexican mines; and had it not been for their untiring efforts—directed by the officers both of the ship and the regiment—it is beyond doubt that the burning of the Kent would have been among the most terrible catastrophes of the century. Mr. Hemy's picture is as sober in colour as it is in feeling. There is no attempt to exaggerate the horrors of the scene, and at the same time he has succeeded in conveying an impressive idea of its awfulness. It is not, perhaps, generally known that "Rob Roy" Macgregor—a well-known philanthropist, who died little more than a year ago—was, as a child, one of the survivors of the Kent. Nineteen months after the loss of the ship a letter written by his father "in the awful prospect of entering eternity" was washed ashore at Barbados.

## THE WEST-END CLOTHIERS COMPANY.



No. 37, LUDGATE HILL.

When the history of the latter part of the nineteenth century comes to be written one of the most marked features to be noted by the historian will be the revolution brought about by the destruction of the credit system of retail trading. The prices of all commodities have cheapened marvellously during the last ten or twenty years, and this has been brought about by centralisation and the payment of ready money. In no part of our daily trading is this change more marked than it is in connection with our clothing. There is now no necessity for a man, however humble his station of life, to be without a decent suit of clothes, for new garments are now cheaper than second-hand ones used to be—when West-End tailors charged ten guineas for a single coat and asked the weekly salary of three ordinary clerks for a pair of trousers. At the present time any man can obtain a suit of the very best Scotch wool at any of the establishments of the West-End Clothiers Company for thirty-seven and sixpence, or he may get a pair of trousers equal to any sold by the fashionable tailors for thirty shillings (or even two pounds) at the ridiculously low price of half-a-guinea. How can it be done? is the natural inquiry of any thinking reader. The answer is simple enough. It is comprised in a sentence—ready cash. When no credit is given, none is required, and none, therefore, has to be paid for. In the old system the customer had to pay for his

credit and his tailor's credit. The enormous capital and turnover of the West-End Clothiers Company enables them to beat all rivals in the country. Their buyers can go into the best markets and buy the best goods at the very lowest prices. They think nothing of buying a thousand pieces of cloth at one deal. Their numerous branches are always crying for more, like Oliver Twist, and they use up cloth as caterpillars devour the leaves on trees. Thus it comes about that they have seldom less than twenty thousand pounds' worth of goods at their headquarters at one time. Their cutters are the best in London, and a man who can pass the standard of the West-End Clothiers Company must be a veritable past master in his art, for cutting is, after all, one of the fine arts.

The growth of this Company has been very remarkable, and it may well be said to make the clothing of the lion's share of the population of the Metropolis. Its shops, for example, occupy the best sites in London. The well-known establishment at the corner of Fenchurch Street and Gracechurch Street is the oldest, and from this the business has extended until its ramifications extend right away to the extreme West-End. Four floors barely serve to fulfil the needs of this busy hive of industry, where there are between forty and fifty thousand customers on the books. Turning one's face westward we next come to No. 37, Ludgate Hill. This is a young but a very vigorous branch. It was opened in July last, and caused much excitement in a neighbourhood so busy. By the end of the year the record was something like twenty-two thousand customers.



No. 242, OXFORD STREET.

There are, in one way or another, some seventy employes in this establishment. A feature of this place is the magnificent plate-glass first-floor window, which has often been admired by passers-by on Ludgate Hill.

In the Strand is another charming shop which has become very popular. It is situated between Savoy Street and Cecil Street, and at the back looks out on the new square being made in connection with the Liberator Building Society's premises. In addition to the ordinary tailoring business which is carried on here, the shop has a name for overcoats, and the new light and comfortable racing coats are among the best features of the season, and are known to all the leading sportsmen. These coats combine the attractions of being light, comfortable, and absolutely waterproof, without the objectionable features of the macintosh. The value of a shop of this economical high-class nature in the Strand is keenly appreciated, and the business has increased month by month.

The latest addition to the Company's shops is at No. 4, Oxford Street, at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. This is a handsome building of red brick and free-stone, with an effective corner turret. The windows are large and filled with huge panes of sheet glass, which permit the best views of the cloth and other articles to the public, so that it is not necessary to go inside to see what you are buying. The shop has only been opened about three weeks. Directly the doors were opened the trade began, and there has been no diminution since. In twelve days five thousand garments were turned out, and not a single article was returned as unsatisfactory, which is a record which may well challenge the Metropolis.



Nos. 66, 67, &amp; 68, GRACECHURCH STREET.

The finest building belonging to the Company is, doubtless, that at 242, Oxford Street, Princes Street, and forming one of the corners of Oxford Circus, which has recently been opened, and it is still resplendent in its gold lettering and the Company's coat of arms. Special panes of plate glass are being made in France for these windows, and, as they will be the largest sheets of glass in the whole world, an enormous amount of difficulty is being experienced in bringing them over to this country from Paris. An excellent feature of this building, the proportions of which will be seen from the sketch appended, is the beautiful basement, probably the best-lighted basement in London. It is in this that the trying-on rooms are fixed. These are built in octagonal shape and lined with mirrors, so that a customer being "tried on" can see the "sit" of his coat, back, front, and side at the same moment. The building is fitted up with the electric light throughout, and finished without the least regard to cost, and with but one idea—namely, the comfort of the customers.

The business of this wonderful Company grows day by day, and its ramifications are rapidly extending over the whole of London. This success has only been gained, as it is being maintained, by providing the best material, the best skill, and best labour that money can command.



No. 4, OXFORD STREET.



Nos. 80 AND 81, STRAND.

## STATE PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA.

One of the earliest, and decidedly one of the most successful, among the festivities connected with the royal wedding was the State gala performance given by command of her Majesty the Queen at Covent Garden on Tuesday, July 4. It has been truly said that this function needed only the presence of her Majesty to make it absolutely complete. As it was, the performance was attended by the whole of the adult members of the royal family, together with such of the illustrious visitors from abroad as were in London at the time. Only on two occasions within recent memory—namely, the State visits of the Shah of Persia and the German Emperor—has the interior of the historic opera-house in Bow Street presented a sight of equal splendour and magnificence. Experience, however, teaches, and the lessons learnt in those earlier instances helped not a little to facilitate the process and enhance the beauty of the transformation effected by Sir Augustus Harris in response to her Majesty's present desire. Thus it came about that, notwithstanding the exceedingly limited time at disposal, there was a general expression of opinion that the house had never looked so superb before. The decorations in the auditorium were entirely floral, the garlands and festoons consisting of real flowers up to the first tier, while above that level artificial flowers were employed in order to avoid the oppressive odour objected to on previous occasions. On each box ledge and in every other stall was laid a handsome bouquet, while to everyone was presented as souvenirs

a prettily designed programme printed on white satin, and a copy of the miniature vocal score of "Roméo et Juliette" covered in the same material.

The State box was placed, as usual, in the middle of the grand tier, immediately facing the stage. It occupied the space ordinarily taken up by six private boxes, and its appearance as viewed from the house was rendered additionally imposing by elegant draperies of white satin, drawn up by cords on either hand, fastened with the letters "G" and "M," and surmounted by the royal coat of arms. The interior was exquisitely decorated with broad, fluted panels of rainbow-tinted silk, divided by lines of orange-blossom, while here and there hung a "marriage bell," composed of white flowers, with a coloured electric light for the clapper, imparting at once appropriateness of character and beauty of effect to the general design. The aspect of this spacious tribune when filled by its wondrous array of royalties in gorgeous attire, flashing with diamonds and resplendent with the insignia of various orders, was indescribably lovely. Nor did the work of adornment end here. The approaches to the State box, from the vestibule to the crush-room, were lined with banks of flowers and tall graceful palms, one object that was particularly noticed being a huge floral marriage bell that hung at the foot of the grand staircase. The balcony above the portico was covered in and converted into an elegant smoking lounge, for which purpose it was extensively used by the royal princes between the acts. The carriage-drive beneath was utilised as a corridor leading from the

street to the vestibule, and here was placed the guard of honour of the Coldstreams, together with the band of that regiment.

The auditorium was quite filled in every part when, at a quarter to nine o'clock, Sir Augustus Harris gave Signor Mancinelli the signal for the National Anthem to be played, thereby indicating that the royal procession was wending its way from the foyer to the State box. It was at this moment, perhaps, when everyone was upstanding—the ladies all in their richest toilettes, and the gentlemen, with very few exceptions, wearing uniform or Court dress—that the spectacle became most imposing and memorable, and the applause that burst forth when the orchestral strains had ended told clearly of the delight felt by the vast audience. The gala representation of Gounod's charming opera was curtailed by command, and the omission of the final act was in every sense judicious, the tragic element in the story of Romeo and Juliet being thus almost entirely eliminated. The performance was worthy in all respects of the unique occasion, the principal parts being sustained by M. Jean de Reszke, Madame Melba, M. Edouard de Reszke, M. Plançon, M. Bonnard, M. Ghasne, M. Castelmary, Miss Lucile Hill, and Mlle. Bauermeister.

The Royal Commission on Electrical Communication with Lighthouses and Lightships has begun its local inquiries on the south and east coasts of Ireland and the Isle of Man.

## MARIANI WINE.

It is often asserted that notoriety is not fame; but although this may be perfectly true in respect of individuals, it does not hold good in regard to products or preparations, such as the Mariani Wine. Notoriety on the part of a medicinal preparation is but a synonym for popularity. Now, if there be one thing more than another that strikes the attention in reference to the Mariani Wine, it is the unreservedly favourable reception which it has invariably received, and—wo may justly claim—the enthusiasm it has called forth, on the part of those who have availed themselves of its tonic and rejuvenescent properties in the hour of need.

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HENRY IRVING.

testify to the restorative and vitalising properties of the Mariani Wine would take up more space than we can devote to it, however convincing such a recapitulation would be. We have, to begin with, Gounod, the composer of so many entrancing melodies, who writes to Mr. Mariani to congratulate him on his "admirable wine, which has so often rescued me from exhaustion"; Mr. Henry Irving, the unrivalled exponent of histrionic art in this country, who "has found it excellent, and is well convinced of its quality"; Mr. Ambrose Thomas, the inimitable operatic composer, and the Director of the Paris Conservatoire, who has so largely contributed to raise musical art in

France to its present position, and who declares himself constrained by feelings of gratitude "to sing the praises of the Mariani Wine." To select one other name from the domain of the theatre, M. Victorien Sardou, the prince of dramatic authors, proclaims in poetic rhythm that one is tempted to feel unwell and depressed in order to have an excuse for resorting to Mariani Wine, "so agreeable to the palate is this unfailing tonic."

These are four expressions of gratitude for benefits received, culled from among thousands. Their sincerity cannot be called in question, for no motive save that of hearty satisfaction could have induced men so eminent in their respective domains, and so far removed from each other, to testify independently, though with a common accord, to



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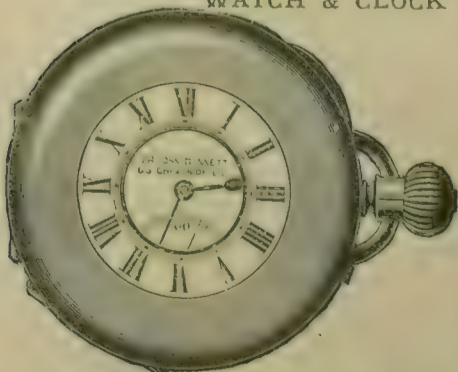
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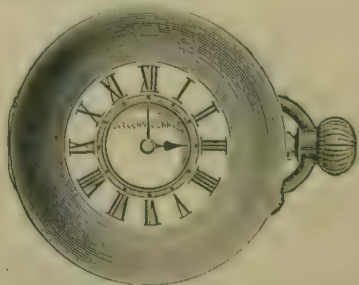
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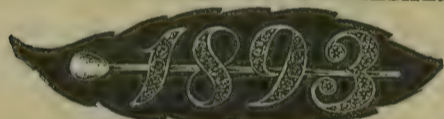
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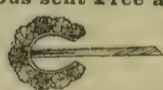
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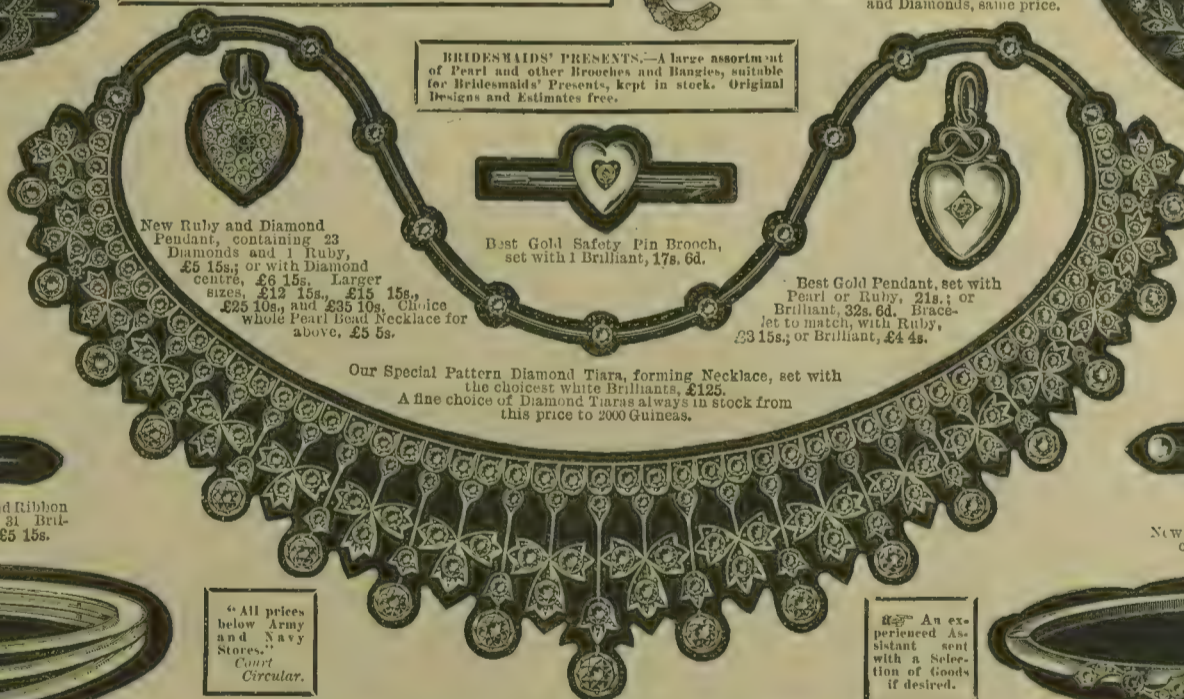
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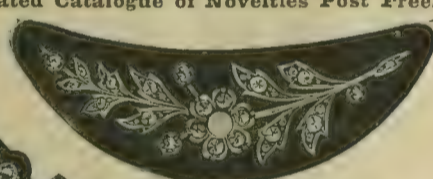
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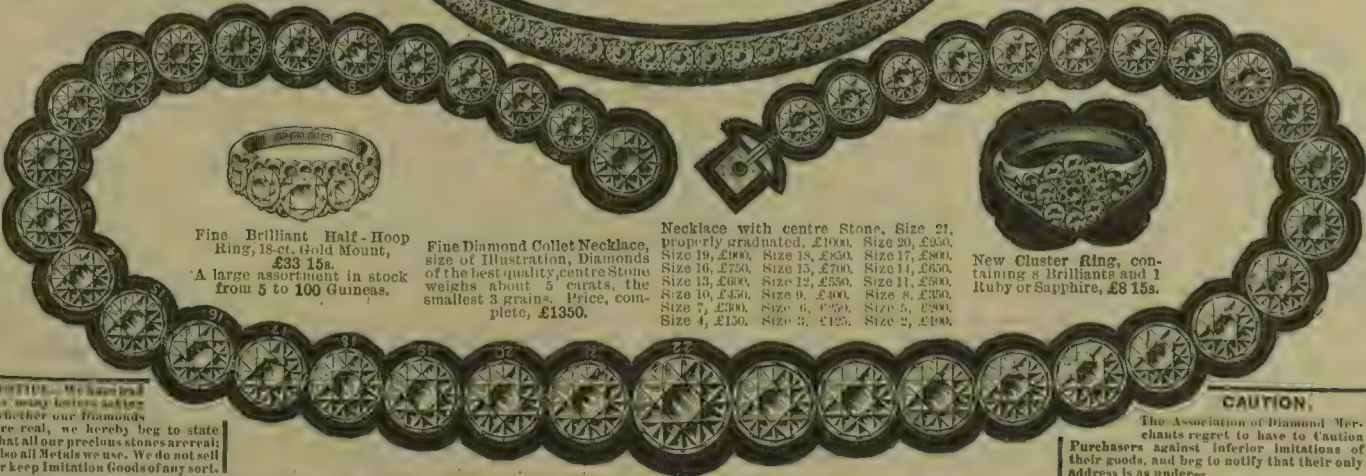


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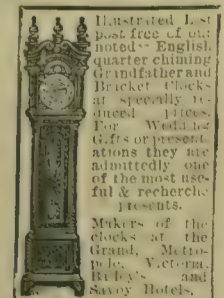


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1890) of Mr. John Chynoweth, late of 35, Holland Park, Kensington, who died on April 11 at Cannes, was proved on June 29 by Miss Harriett Michell Chynoweth, the daughter, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator gives his mansion house with the furniture and effects to his three daughters, Harriett Michell, Augusta Agatha, and Frederica Ida; and the residue of his property to his said three daughters and his daughter Mrs. Enriqueta Angela Lascourain Scully.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1887), with three codicils (dated Jan. 10 and July 27, 1889, and May 9, 1893), of Mr. Charles George Palgrave, of the firm of Palgrave, Murphy, and Co., 155, Fenchurch Street, formerly of Barker Lodge, Colwell Bay, Isle of Wight, and late of 17, Kensington Gore, South Kensington, who died on May 22, was proved on June 28 by Edgar James Paine, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Heathcote Ouchterlony, R.A., and Lionel Leighton Woodhouse, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator gives £1000 each to the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum (Snaresbrook) and the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution; £500 to St. George's Hospital; £1000 to the Charitable Institutions of Great Yarmouth, at the discretion of his executors; a similar legacy of £1000 to the charitable institutions of the city of Dublin; £500 to the charitable institutions of the Isle of Wight upon similar

terms; all his real and leasehold estates, furniture and effects, and £10,000 to Margaret Wilmot; £10,000, upon trust, for John Charles Wilmot; £5000 each to his sister, Mrs. Jane Fleming, and Mrs. Mary Ann Ouchterlony; £2500 each to Matilda Elizabeth Julia Woodhouse and Harriet Clara Woodhouse; and liberal legacies to relatives, executors, partner, godchildren, captains of steamships and other persons in employ of his firm, and others. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for the said John Charles Wilmot, and the other moiety to the said Mrs. Mary Ann Ouchterlony.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Jan. 15, 1892), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1893), of Mr. George John Cockle, late of 55, Northumberland Road, Dublin, merchant, who died on April 22, granted to Mrs. Jane Susanna Cockle, the widow, William Henry Richardson, and Austin Damer Cooper, J.P., the executors, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testator makes ample provision for his wife, and gives portions to his children; there are also legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property, including the goodwill of his business, he leaves to his son, Samuel Ashley Cockle.

The Irish probate, sealed at Belfast, of the will (dated Oct. 6, 1891), with a codicil (dated Nov. 9, 1892), of the Right Hon. George William, Baron Deramore, late of Belvoir Park, county Down, who died on April 29, at Paris,

granted to Robert Wilfrid, Baron Deramore, and the Hon. George Nicholas de Yarbrough Bateson, the sons, and James Livingstone Douie, J.P., the executors, was resealed in London on July 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testator recites that certain provision has already been made by his late wife and himself for four of his children, but that his son Eustace was not then born, and he now bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, for him; his furniture and effects at Heslington Hall to his son Robert Wilfrid; and there are some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son George Nicholas.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1891) of Mr. Edward Bickerton Evans, late of Whitbourne Hall, near Worcester, who died on May 16, was proved on June 27 by Mrs. Margaret Evans, the widow, Edward Wallace Evans and Patrick Fleming Evans, the sons, and James Kirke Crooks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; £500 each to his executors; and £300 each to his daughters-in-law, Mrs. Rhoda Evans and Mrs. Alice Evans. His mansion house, Whitbourne Hall, and real estate in various parishes he devises to his wife, for life; then as to his real estate in the parishes of Upper and Lower Sapay, to his son Patrick Fleming; and as to the remainder of the real estate, devised to his wife, for life, to his son Edward Wallace, for life, and then to

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1890: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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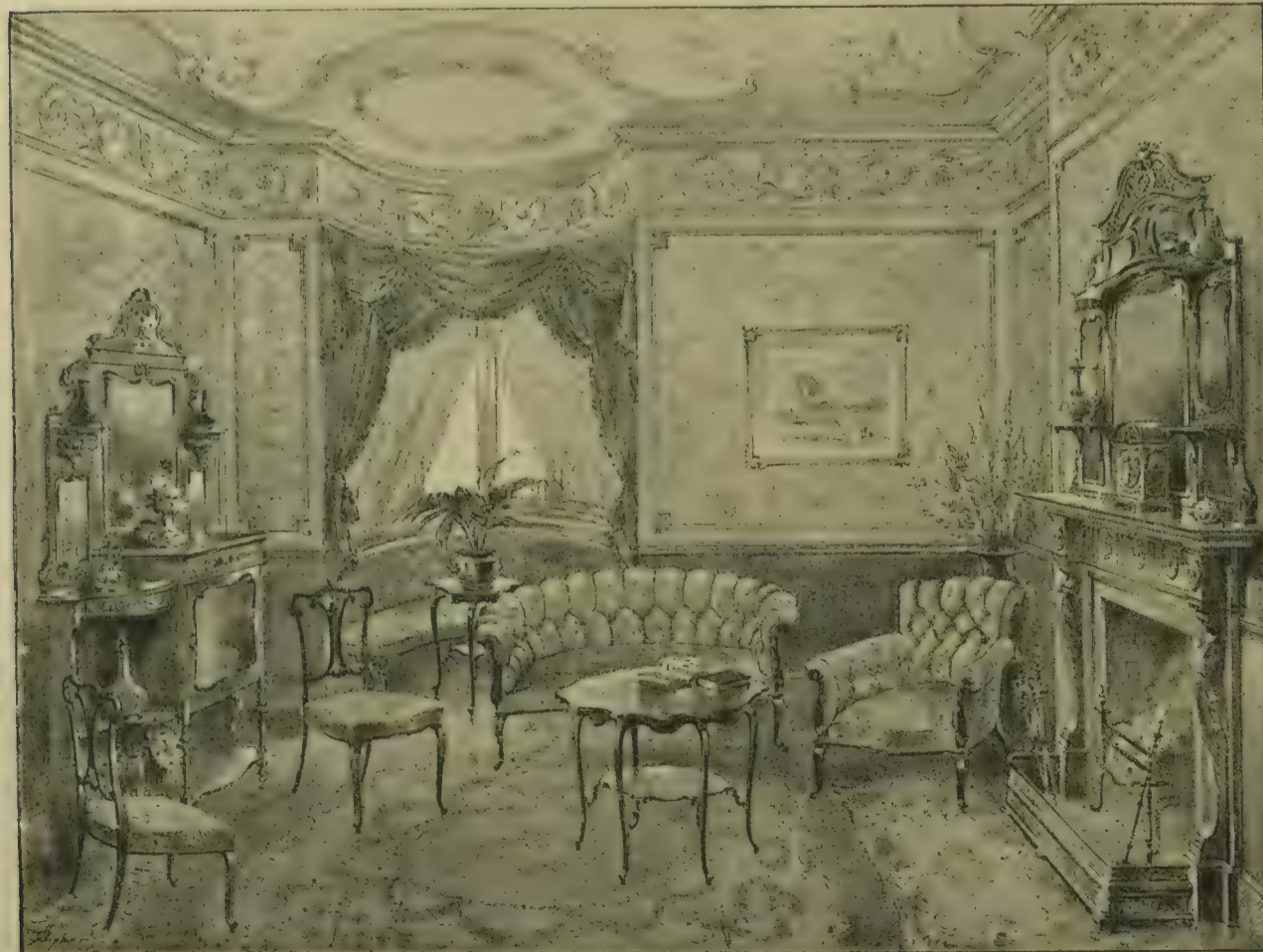
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MAPLE and CO are showing with the above numerous Novelties in Carved Mahogany and Inlaid Rosewood Suites, Elbow and other Chairs and Settees in new and quaint shapes, as well as Music, China, and other Cabinets, and Writing Tables, all of which are marked at most moderate prices. Some interesting specimens in Chinese and Japanese Cabinets are also now on show.

SILK CURTAINS

DRAWING ROOM CURTAINS

MAPLE and CO have all the latest productions in rich Silken and other materials for Curtains, Draperies, and Furniture Coverings on show. In the PURE SILKEN DAMASKS, which are usually in self-colourings, many novel effects have been obtained by a combination of two and three harmonising shades. These are in excellent taste, and sure to be appreciated.

SILK TAPESTRIES

DRAWING ROOM CURTAINS

MAPLE and CO have also on show all the new SILK and SILK and WOOL TAPESTRIES, amongst which are many novel and agreeable combinations of soft colourings especially suitable for upholstering furniture. The largest and most complete assortment of Tapestries in London. Patterns free.

PERSIAN CARPETS

DRAWING ROOM CARPETS

MAPLE and CO invite attention to an Importer's Stock of PERSIAN CARPETS which they are selling at about one half the prices usually charged. These Carpets, though quaint and even eccentric in pattern, are in excellent taste, and will resist the hardest wear. Sizes range from 9 ft. to 22 ft. long. As follow are a few examples—

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
10 7	by 7 4	5 0 0	12 3	by 9 2	7 0 0
10 10	by 8 1	5 10 0	13 7	by 11 3	9 15 0
11 7	by 7 11	5 6 9	14 5	by 10 7	8 18 0
11 1	by 9 5	6 10 0	14 5	by 10 10	9 15 0

NEZOOM CARPETS

DRAWING ROOM CARPETS

MAPLE and CO'S NEZOOM CARPETS (Registered) are now on show, in all the new patterns and colourings. These carpets, being of the finest quality, and made entirely without seam or join, will wear admirably, and all waste in matching is avoided. As follow are representative sizes and prices—

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
10 6	by 9 0	3 12 6	12 6	by 10 0	5 4 0
12 0	by 9 0	4 2 6	12 6	by 11 0	5 2 0
13 6	by 9 0	4 12 6	13 0	by 11 0	5 10 0
11 0	by 10 0	4 5 0	14 0	by 11 0	5 18 0
12 0	by 10 0	4 12 6	15 0	by 11 0	6 7 6

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Admission to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday.  
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9.35 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 9.35 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25  
and 9.10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.25 a.m., Kensington  
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(Addison Road) 9.30 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea,  
and Battersea; Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction  
9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m.  
Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.  
Returning by certain Trains same day only.

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**DAY** (except Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 7), Cheap Fast  
Trains from Victoria 8.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m.,  
Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.30  
a.m., calling at East Croydon.  
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TIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE in operation  
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WEEK-DAYS.													
Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a	p.m.	a
London (Euston)	5 15	7 15	10 10	10 30	2 0	7 30	8 0	8 50	9 10	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0
Arrive													
Edinbro' (Pr. St.)	3 55	5 50	6 30	7 40	10 55	See Note.	See Note.	6 30	—	8 55	12 25	—	—
Glasgow (Central)	3 45	0	6 45	8 15	10 45	See Note.	See Note.	—	6 40	9 15	12 27	—	—
Greenock	3 37	20	7 40	9 32	12 6	—	—	—	—	7 45	10 45	1 40	—
Gourock	4 07	31	7 50	10 10	2 12 15	—	—	—	—	7 55	10 45	1 50	—
Oban	4 48	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 25	12 15	—	1 54	8 25
Perth	5 45	—	—	8 17	12 20	5 30	5 40	7 55	—	11 10	3 20	—	—
Inverness	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dundee	7 15	—	—	9 10	1 5	7 30	7 30	8 55	—	12 10	4 32	—	—
Aberdeen	9 5	—	—	10 45	3 5	7 50	7 50	11 40	—	2 1	6 20	—	—
Buller	—	—	—	—	9 45	9 45	9 45	2 15	—	4 55	—	—	—
Inverness	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Aberdeen	—	—	—	—	8 10	1 35	1 35	6 5	—	10 5	—	—	—

The 7.30 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run from  
July 18 to Aug. 11 inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights  
excepted). The Highland Company will take this train forward  
specially from Perth in advance of the Mail, so as to reach  
Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9, and 10 p.m. trains from  
Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked \* (Sunday  
mornings in Scotland).

Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays. \* Saturdays  
only.

A 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 Night Train will  
run every night (except Saturdays).

The 8 p.m. Express will be run specially on Saturday, Aug. 5.  
On Saturdays passengers by the 10.30 a.m. and 2 p.m. trains  
from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland  
Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian  
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A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays  
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attached to this train.

Additional Trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester,  
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For further particulars see the Company's Time Bills.

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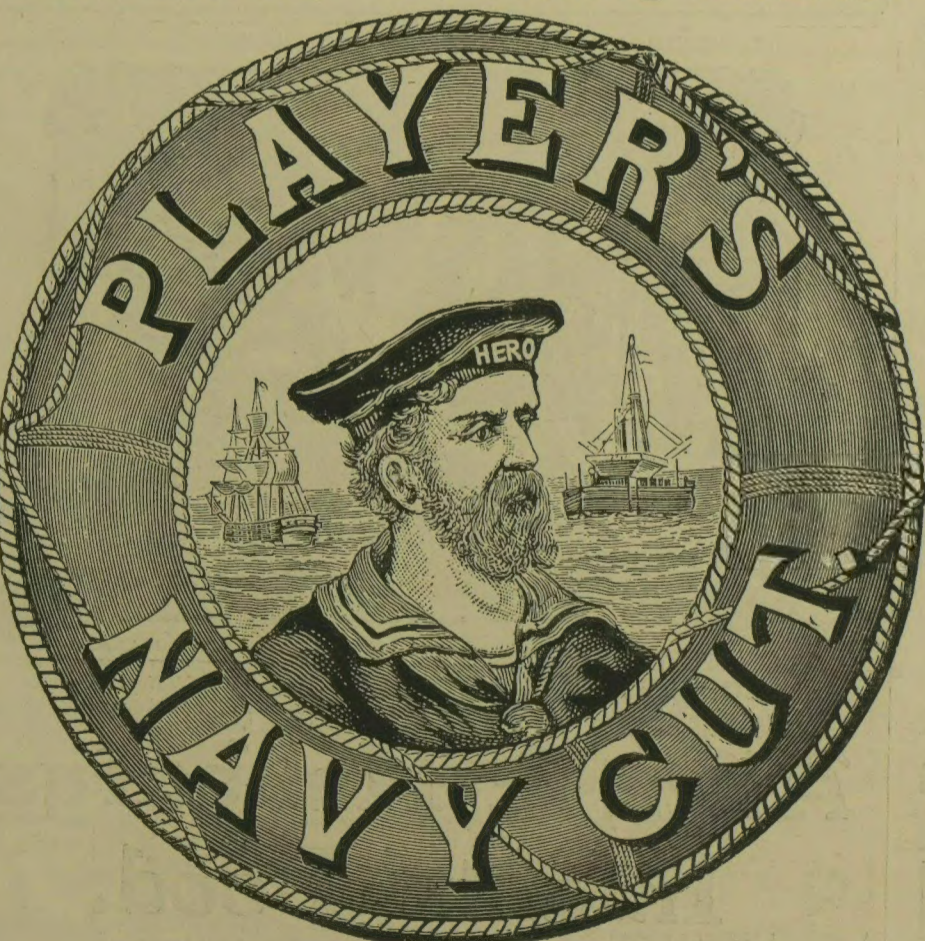
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and as to the other moiety  
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Francis Herbert.

The will (dated May  
Oct. 25, 1886) of Mr.  
50, Buckingham Palace  
Margate, was proved on  
and George Foord Kelcey  
personal estate amounting  
after giving some legacie  
and personal estate to his

The will (dated Feb.  
April 8 following), of the  
Dowager Countess of B  
Grosvenor Square, who d  
July 3 by Charles Willi  
executor, the value of th

DEATH

On July 5, at No. 11, Royal  
Rosa Matilda, widow of the late  
and sister to the late W. H. Gwir

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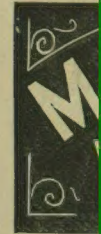
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